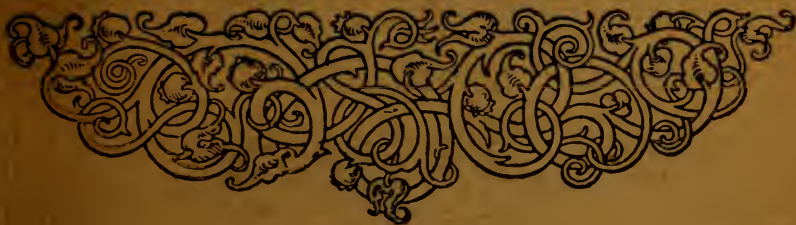


# Praise Hymns and Full Salvation Songs



No. 2

SELECTED BY

REV. THOS. J. J. WRIGHT

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JOHN J. HOOD

PHILADELPHIA: 1024 ARCH STREET

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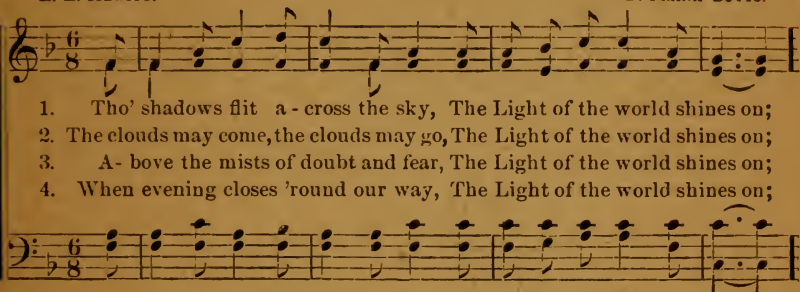
# PRAISE HYMNS.

— No. 2. —

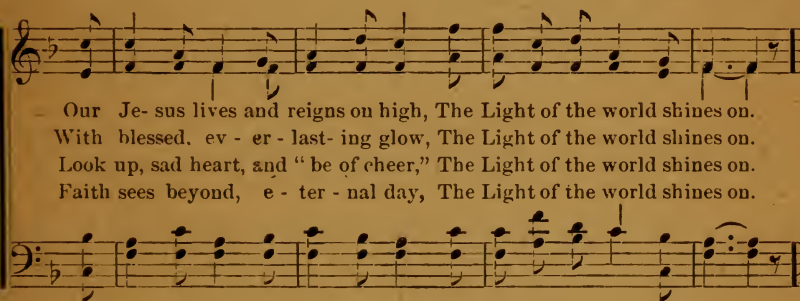
## The Light of the World Shines On.

E. E. HEWITT.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

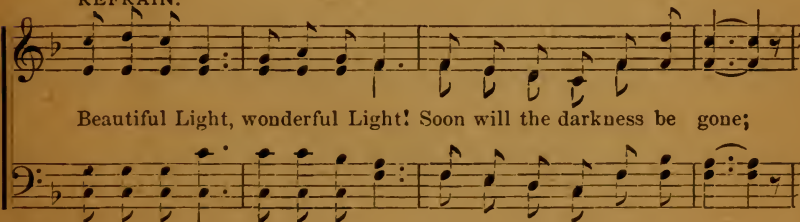


1. Tho' shadows flit a - cross the sky, The Light of the world shines on;  
2. The clouds may come, the clouds may go, The Light of the world shines on;  
3. A - bove the mists of doubt and fear, The Light of the world shines on;  
4. When evening closes 'round our way, The Light of the world shines on;

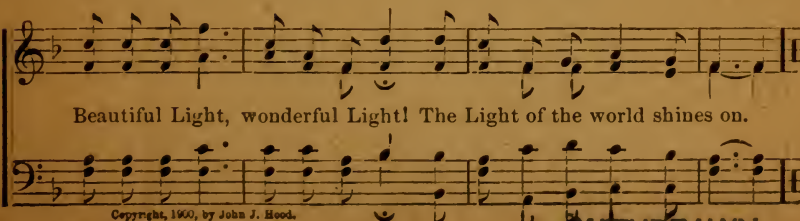


Our Je - sus lives and reigns on high, The Light of the world shines on.  
With blessed, ev - er - last - ing glow, The Light of the world shines on.  
Look up, sad heart, and "be of cheer," The Light of the world shines on.  
Faith sees beyond, e - ter - nal day, The Light of the world shines on.

### REFRAIN.



Beautiful Light, wonderful Light! Soon will the darkness be gone;

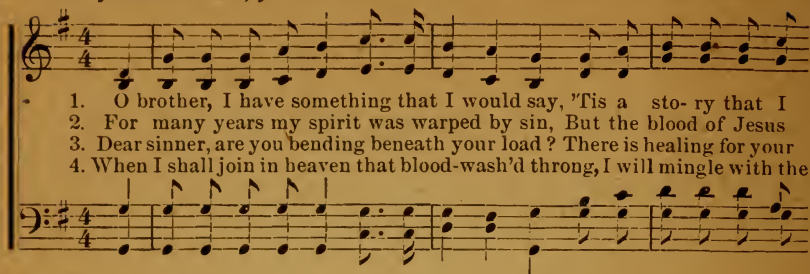


Beautiful Light, wonderful Light! The Light of the world shines on.

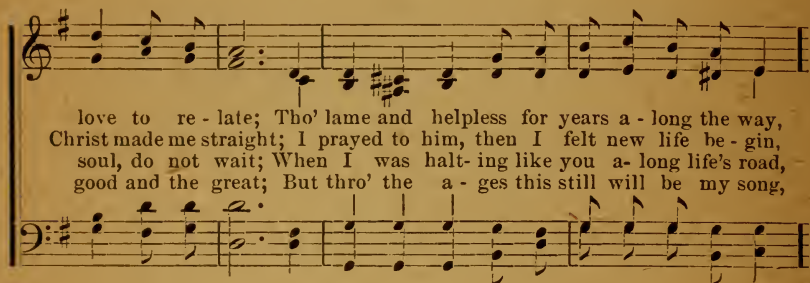
# 2 I was Healed at the Beautiful Gate.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

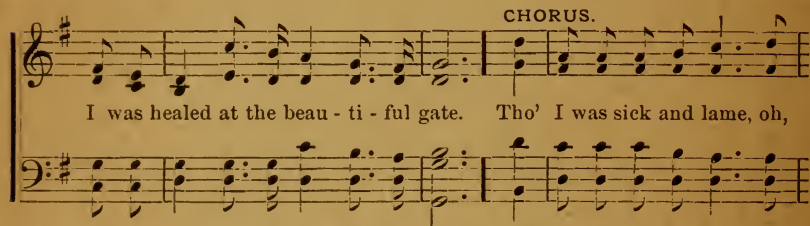


1. O brother, I have something that I would say, 'Tis a sto-ry that I  
 2. For many years my spirit was warped by sin, But the blood of Jesus  
 3. Dear sinner, are you bending beneath your load? There is healing for your  
 4. When I shall join in heaven that blood-wash'd throng, I will mingle with the

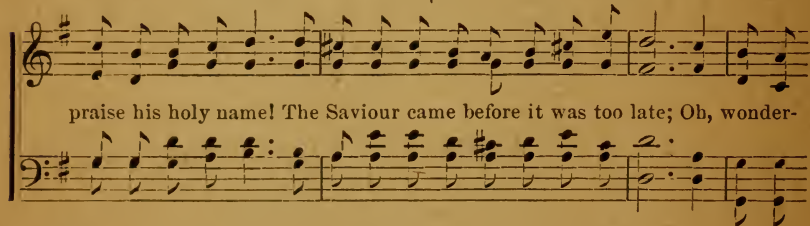


love to re-late; Tho' lame and helpless for years a-long the way,  
 Christ made me straight; I prayed to him, then I felt new life be-gin,  
 soul, do not wait; When I was halt-ing like you a-long life's road,  
 good and the great; But thro' the a-ges this still will be my song,

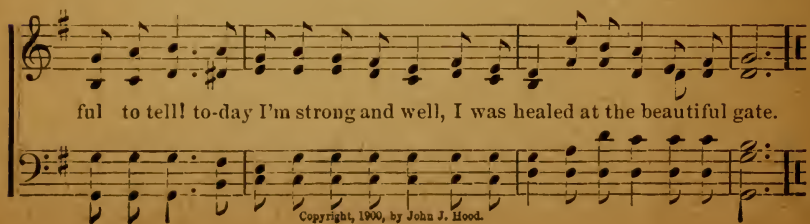
CHORUS.



I was healed at the beau-ti-ful gate. Tho' I was sick and lame, oh,



praise his holy name! The Saviour came before it was too late; Oh, wonder-



ful to tell! to-day I'm strong and well, I was healed at the beautiful gate.

# Shout the Victory.

3

Rev. D. H. KENNEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Long years in doubt and bondage, in hope and pain and grief, The wilderness I  
 2. I have no condemnation, the carnal mind is gone, Ill-tempers and im-  
 3. The "New Man" has possession, he saves from all my fears, In loving conde-  
 4. My life is full of gladness, my soul is full of song, I have no times of  
 5. And when on Zion's mountain the white-robed saintsshall meet, Hard by the crystal

traveled in search of sure relief; Thank God, I've reached the Canaan, the  
 patience have taken wings and flown; I'm walking in the Spir- it of  
 cension he wipes a-way my tears; His will is mine completely, his  
 sadness, but Je- sus all day long; The highway shines more glorious as  
 fountain the loved ones all we'll greet; Then at roll-call up yonder we'll

land of corn and wine, It flows with milk and honey, and all its fruits are mine.  
 Jesus Christ my Lord, I'm trusting in his merit, I'm resting on his word.  
 throne is in my heart; His arms are underneath me, he'll quench each fiery dart.  
 on its way I run; And heaven grows more precious as nearer home I come.  
 gather round the throne, And gaze in holy wonder that we at last are home.

## CHORUS.

1-4. Then shout the victory, Shout the victory, Shout the victory, Safe at last.  
 5. Then shout the victory, Shout the victory, Shout the victory, We are home.  
 shout shout shout

# I've Heard of a Saviour.

From "Special Songs."

Jno. R. SWENNEY.

1. I've heard of a Saviour whose love was so strong, He loved a poor sinner like me;  
 2. This wonderful Saviour took such a low place, To save a poor sinner like me;  
 3. This Jesus had nowhere to lay his head, To save a poor sinner like me;  
 4. This God of all grace is waiting here now, To save a poor sinner like you;

He turned his back on the glo-rified throng, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 His heart overflowing with wondrous grace, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 He was a Lamb to the slaugh-ter led, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 Come as you are, at the mercy-seat bow, He'll save a poor sinner like you.

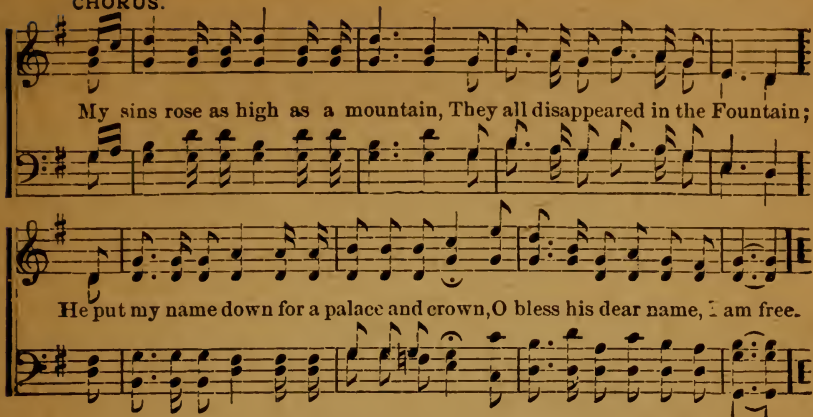
The angels they sang him from glo-ry, I'm glad that they told me the story;  
 Was born in a sta-ble and man-ger, In his own world was a stranger,  
 'Midst darkness my Saviour is dy-ing, "Tis finished!" I hear Jesus crying,  
 Your life may be all re-bel-lion, Still you may have this salvation;

He came from on high to suf-fer and die, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 With all things did part to win my hard heart, And save a poor sinner like me.  
 My soul may go free, he died on the tree, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 Back-slid-er as well, I'm so glad to tell, He'll save a poor sinner like you.

# I've Heard of a Saviour.—CONCLUDED.

5

CHORUS.

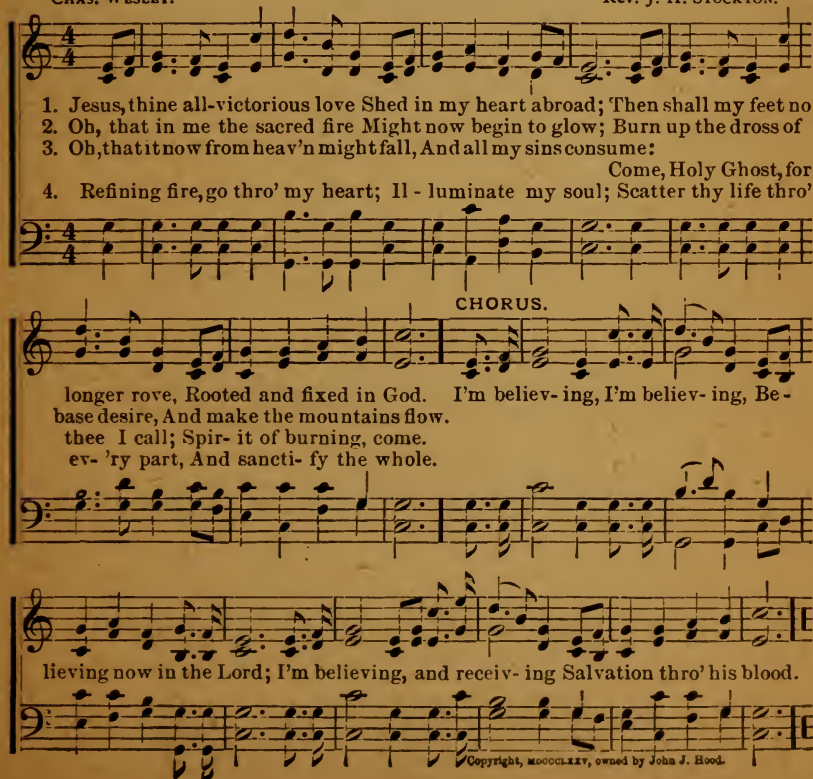


My sins rose as high as a mountain, They all disappeared in the Fountain;  
He put my name down for a palace and crown, O bless his dear name, I am free.

## Believing.

CHAS. WESLEY.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Jesus, thine all-victorious love Shed in my heart abroad; Then shall my feet no  
2. Oh, that in me the sacred fire Might now begin to glow; Burn up the dross of  
3. Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins consume:  
Come, Holy Ghost, for  
4. Refining fire, go thro' my heart; Il - luminate my soul; Scatter thy life thro'

CHORUS.

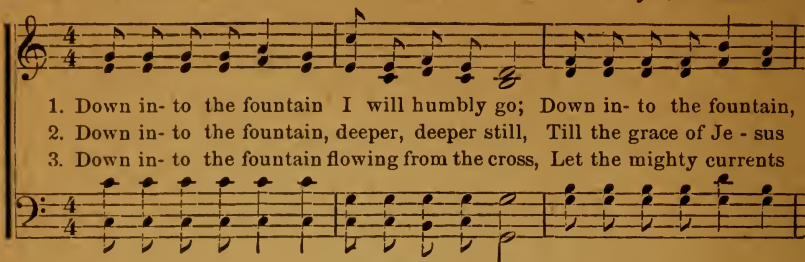
longer rove, Rooted and fixed in God. I'm believ- ing, I'm believ- ing, Be-  
base desire, And make the mountains flow.  
thee I call; Spir- it of burning, come.  
ev- 'ry part, And sancti- fy the whole.

lieving now in the Lord; I'm believing, and receiv- ing Salvation thro' his blood.

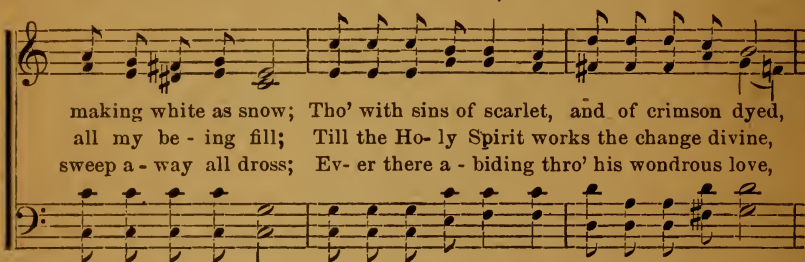
# To Calv'ry I will Go.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

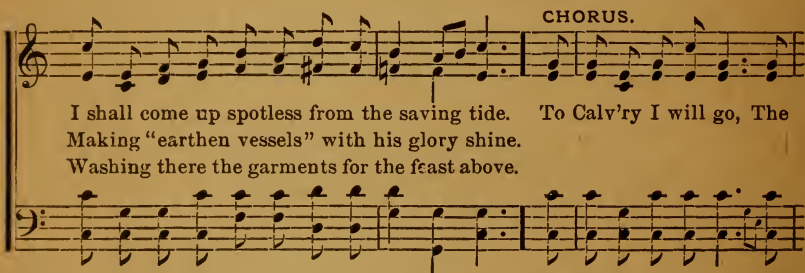


1. Down in- to the fountain I will humbly go; Down in- to the fountain,  
 2. Down in- to the fountain, deeper, deeper still, Till the grace of Je - sus  
 3. Down in- to the fountain flowing from the cross, Let the mighty currents

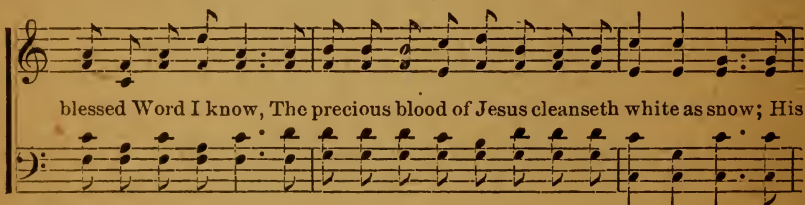


making white as snow; Tho' with sins of scarlet, and of crimson dyed,  
 all my be - ing fill; Till the Ho - ly Spirit works the change divine,  
 sweep a - way all dross; Ev - er there a - biding thro' his wondrous love,

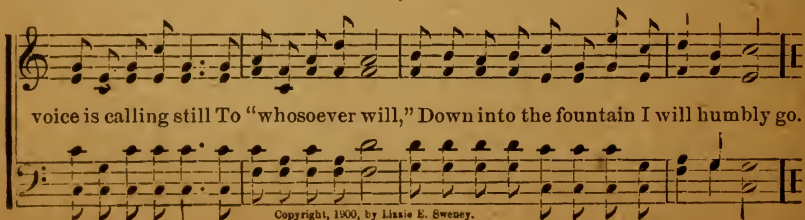
CHORUS.



I shall come up spotless from the saving tide. To Calv'ry I will go, The  
 Making "earthen vessels" with his glory shine.  
 Washing there the garments for the feast above.



blessed Word I know, The precious blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow; His



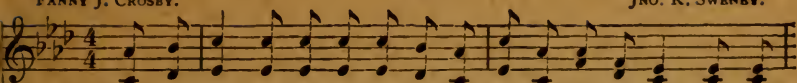
voice is calling still To "whosoever will," Down into the fountain I will humbly go.

# My Saviour First of All.

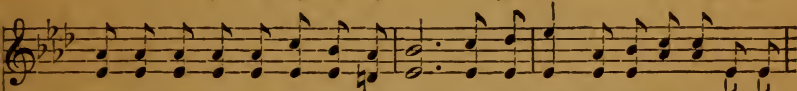
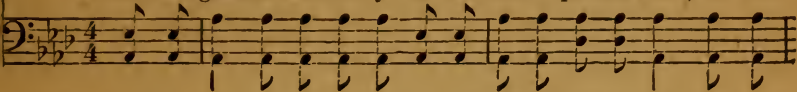
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FANNY J. CROSEY.

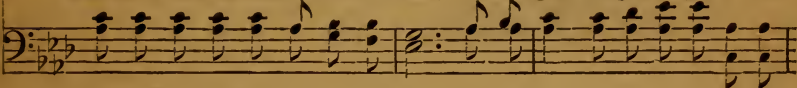
JNO. R. SWENEY.



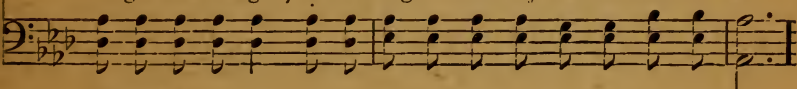
1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will



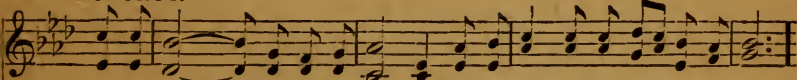
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I  
lustre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the  
parting at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will  
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



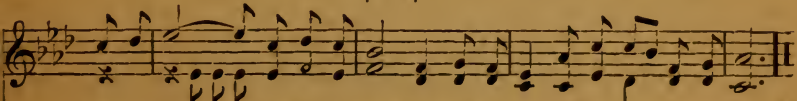
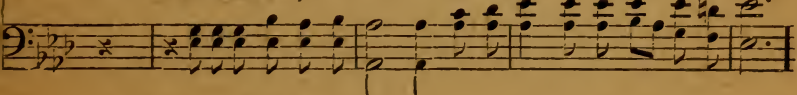
reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.  
mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.  
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.  
mingle with delight; But I long to-meet my Saviour first of all.



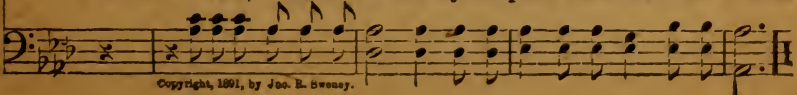
## CHORUS.



I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,  
I shall know him,



I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand

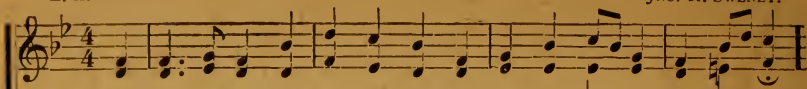


# We'll Mention Them no More.

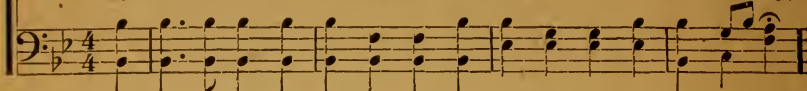
"They shall not be mentioned unto him."—EZEK. xvii : 22.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



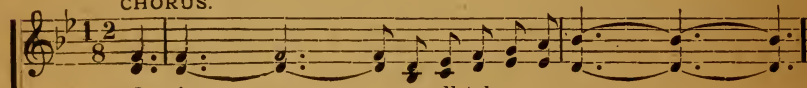
1. My soul sings glory all the way, For Je - sus took my sins a - way;
2. Oh, wondrous grace, so rich and free, That mentions not my sins to me,
3. But since he shows such grace to me, Let not his love for - got - ten be;
4. My soul sings glory all the way To yon - der land of cloudless day,



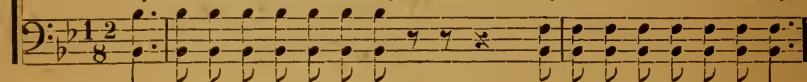
With pre - cious blood they're covered o'er, He'll mention them no more.  
 Since Je - sus in re - deem - ing love, Brought mercy from a - bove.  
 Oh, let my life its trib - ute bring, My heart ex - ultant sing.  
 And when I reach that hap - py shore, I'll praise him ev - er - more.



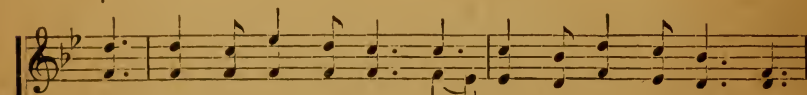
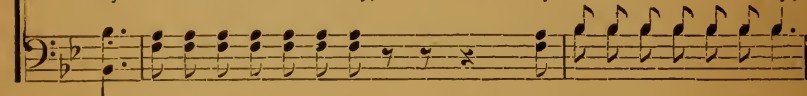
## CHORUS.



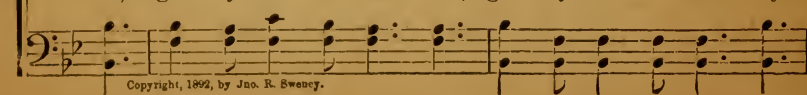
My sins . . . are all taken a - way,  
 My sins are all tak - en a - way, My sins are all tak - en a - way,

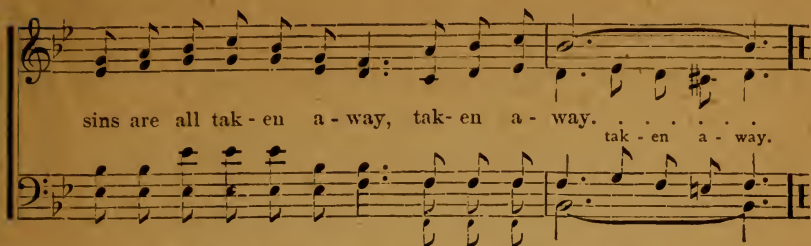


My sins . . . are all taken a - way;  
 My sins are all tak - en a - way, My sins are all tak - en a - way;



Oh, glo - ry to his name! Oh, glo - ry to his name! My



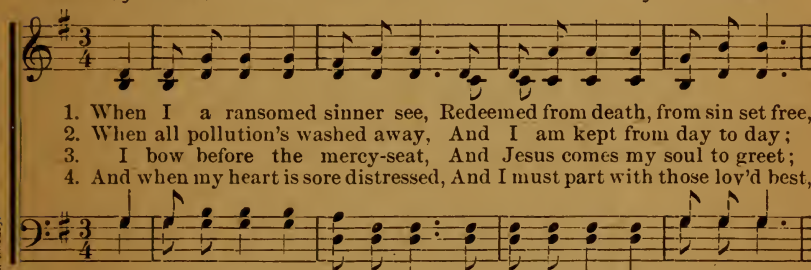


sins are all tak - en a - way, tak - en a - way. tak - en a - way.

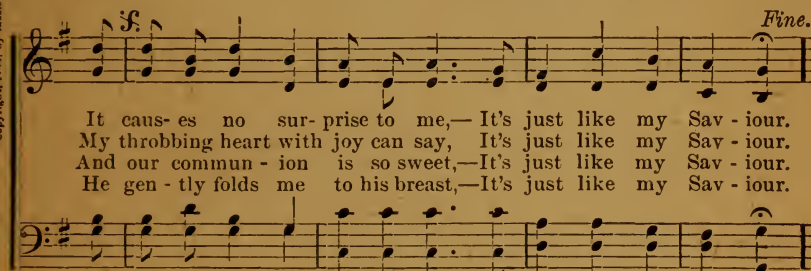
## It's Just Like my Saviour.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



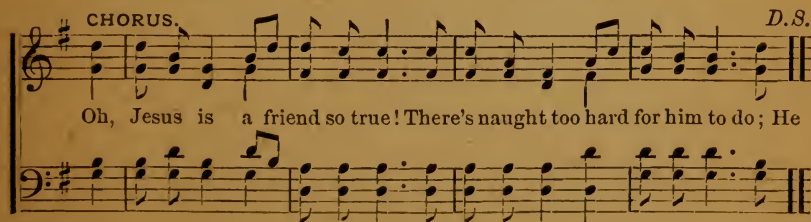
1. When I a ransomed sinner see, Redeemed from death, from sin set free,
2. When all pollution's washed away, And I am kept from day to day;
3. I bow before the mercy-seat, And Jesus comes my soul to greet;
4. And when my heart is sore distressed, And I must part with those lov'd best,



*Fine.*

It caus - es no sur - prise to me,—It's just like my Sav - iour.  
 My throbbing heart with joy can say, It's just like my Sav - iour.  
 And our commun - ion is so sweet,—It's just like my Sav - iour.  
 He gen - tly folds me to his breast,—It's just like my Sav - iour.

*D.S.*—purchased life for me and you,—It's just like my Sav - iour.



**CHORUS.** *D.S.*

Oh, Jesus is a friend so true! There's naught too hard for him to do; He

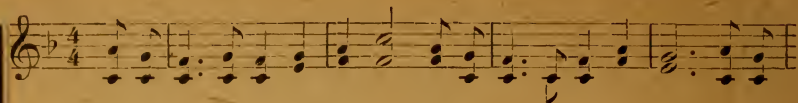
5 • He kisses from my eyes the tears;  
 His presence scatters all my fears;  
 And thro' my sorrow light appears,—  
 It's just like my Saviour.

6 And when my hour shall come to die,  
 His holy angels from the sky  
 Will bear me to my home on high,—  
 It's just like my Saviour.

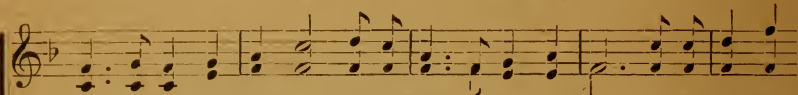
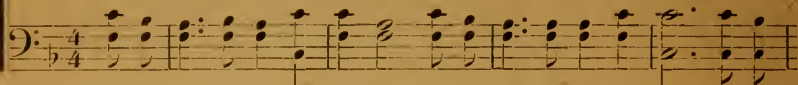
## It is Peace to Live with Jesus.

E. B.

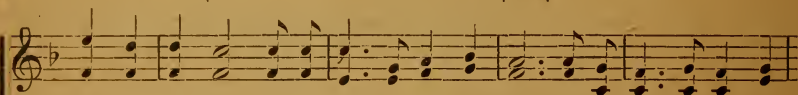
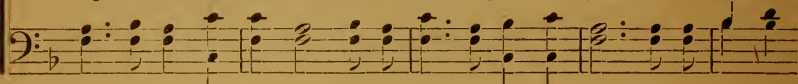
ESTELLE BRYANT.



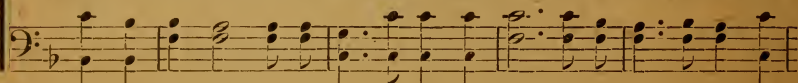
1. It is peace to live with Je- sus, Joy the world can never know, There is
2. Long my soul was lost in darkness, Now the light shines ev'rywhere, Not a
3. There is grace for ev'ry burden, Life abundant, joy un- told, Pow'r to



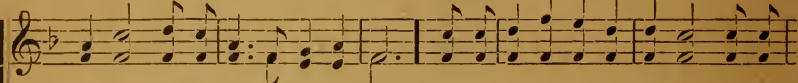
life and hope and blessing, Praise the Lord! I've found it so; Jesus keeps my shadow comes to prove me, But the Saviour hears my pray'r; Pain and loss but keep us ever trusting In the love that ne'er grows cold; Cleans'd from sin and



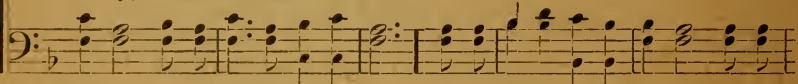
heart re- joic- ing, And I cast on him my care, In the midst of ev- 'ry draw me clos- er To the One who died for me, And tho' sin and e- vil kept each moment, Sav'd from wrath by price divine, Living for the Saviour



## CHORUS.



tri- al, Lo, I find my Lord is there. There is rest amid earth's conflict,  
gather, Halle- lujah! I am free. There is  
on- ly, I am his and he is mine.



balm for ev'ry woe; Night and day in Christ I'm hiding, Safe forever, this I know.

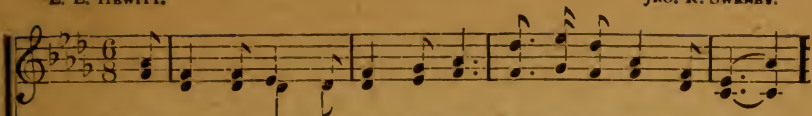


# Jesus is Passing By.

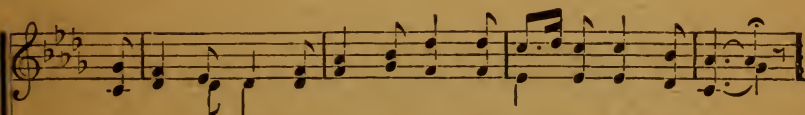
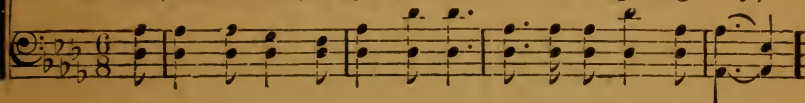
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E. E. HEWITT.

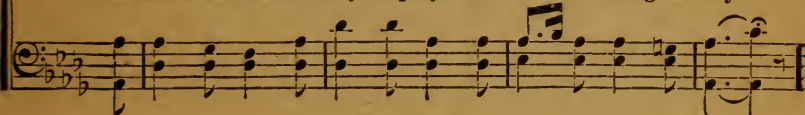
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is passing by;
2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is passing by;
3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is passing by;
4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is passing by;



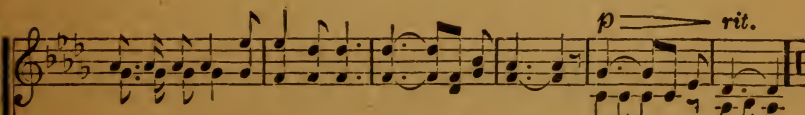
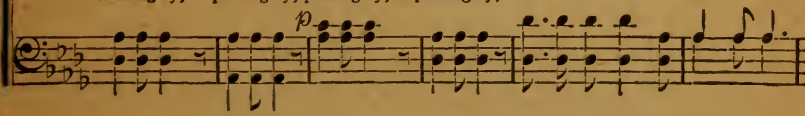
See in his rec - on - cil - ed face The sunshine of the sky.  
The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.  
Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos - om lie.  
The love that list - ens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.



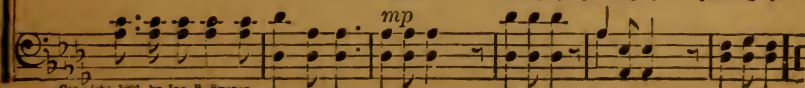
## CHORUS.



Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by, . . Hasten to meet him on the way,  
Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,



Jesus is passing by to-day, Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by.  
Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.



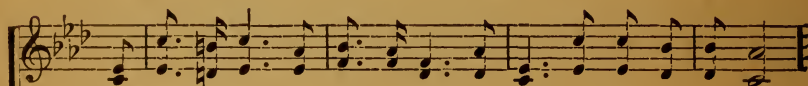
# We Set the Joy-Bells Ringing.

E. E. HEWITT.

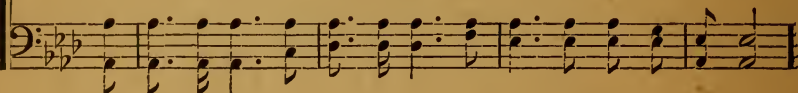
JNO. R. SWENEY.



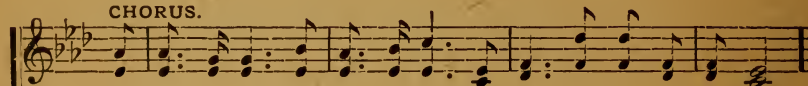
1. Oh, bless the Lord, he cleansed my soul, And filled my lips with singing;
2. He placed my feet up - on the Rock, The on - ly sure foundation;
3. His promise is for "all the days," His love for me is car - ing;
4. Then let me tell the hap - py news To oth - er souls around me;
5. His love is call - ing, seeking still, Come, ev - 'ry burden bringing;



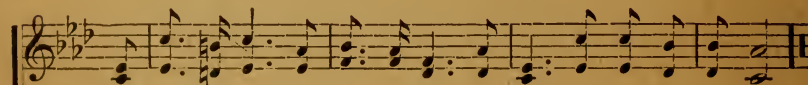
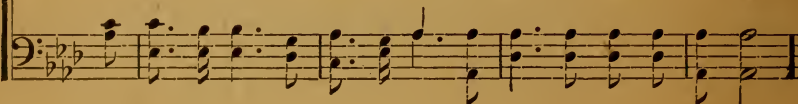
He came in my poor, sin - ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.  
 He shows me wonders of his grace, The blessings of sal - va - tion.  
 While in the "Father's House" above, A mansion he's pre - par - ing.  
 I'm safe within the blessed fold, For Je - sus came and found me.  
 The touch of Christ within your heart Will set the joy-bells ringing.



## CHORUS.



Oh, praise the Lord, he first loved me, I feel new life up - springing;



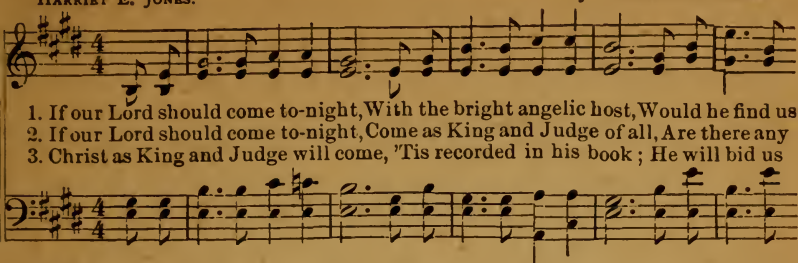
He came in my poor, sin - ful heart, And set the joy-bells ringing.



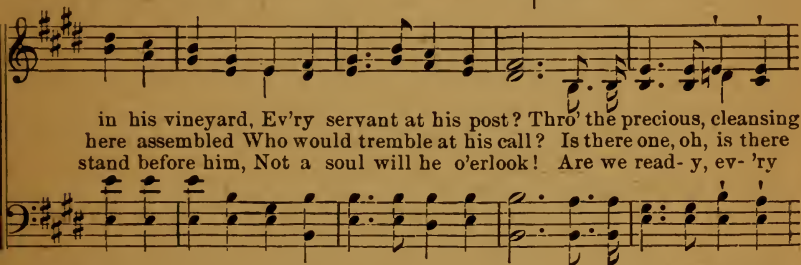
# If Christ Should Come To-night. 13

HARRIET E. JONES.

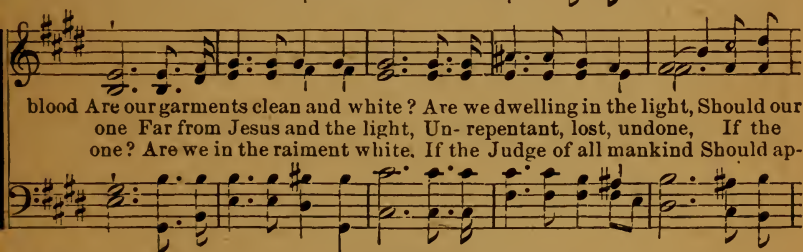
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



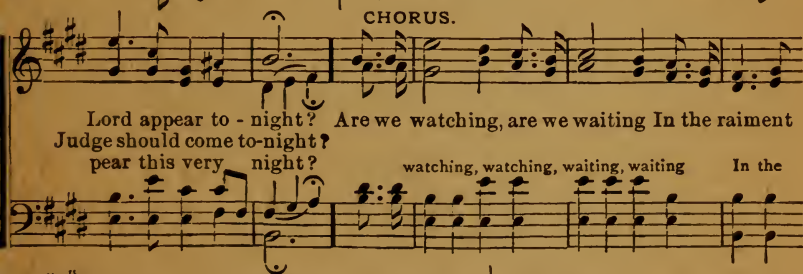
1. If our Lord should come to-night, With the bright angelic host, Would he find us  
2. If our Lord should come to-night, Come as King and Judge of all, Are there any  
3. Christ as King and Judge will come, 'Tis recorded in his book; He will bid us



in his vineyard, Ev'ry servant at his post? Thro' the precious, cleansing  
here assembled Who would tremble at his call? Is there one, oh, is there  
stand before him, Not a soul will he o'erlook! Are we read- y, ev- ry

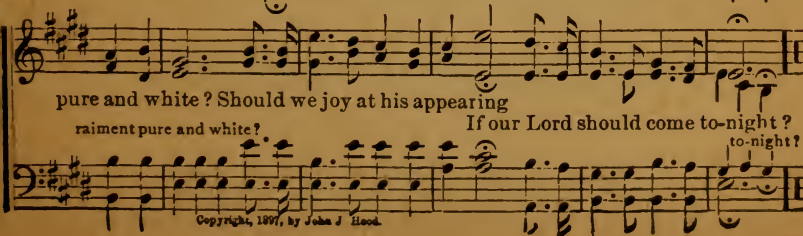


blood Are our garments clean and white? Are we dwelling in the light, Should our  
one Far from Jesus and the light, Un- repentant, lost, undone, If the  
one? Are we in the raiment white. If the Judge of all mankind Should ap-



CHORUS.

Lord appear to - night? Are we watching, are we waiting In the raiment  
Judge should come to-night?  
pear this very night? watching, watching, waiting, waiting In the

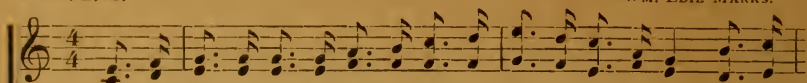


pure and white? Should we joy at his appearing  
raiment pure and white? If our Lord should come to-night?  
to-night?

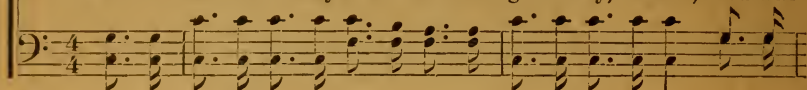
## Singing Round the Throne.

W. E. M.

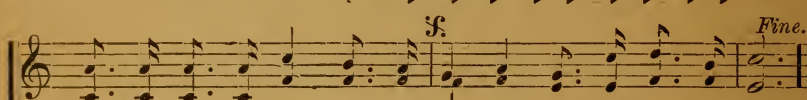
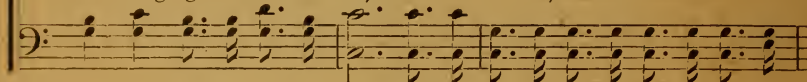
WM. EDIE MARKS.



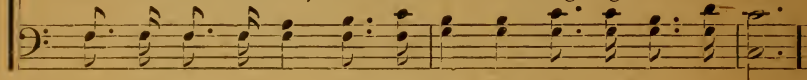
1. When you look in- to the fac- es of the heav'nly praising throng, You will
2. When the many ransom'd millions shall unite to praise the Lord, You will
3. When the four and twenty el- ders shall to- gether say, a- men, You will



find me singing round the throne; When you seek for your old friends among the  
find me singing round the throne; When the sacred psalmist takes his harp and  
find me singing round the throne; Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! shall a -

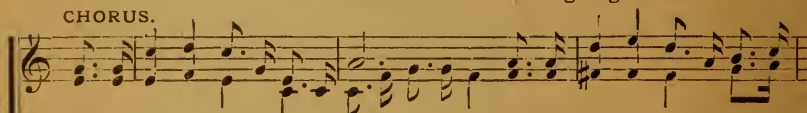


join - ers in the song, You will find me sing- ing round the throne.  
strikes redemption's chord, You will find me sing- ing round the throne.  
rise to Je - sus then; You will find me sing- ing round the throne.

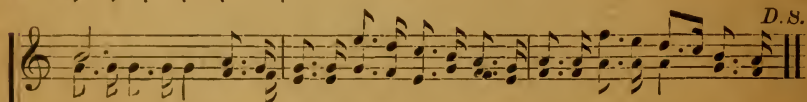
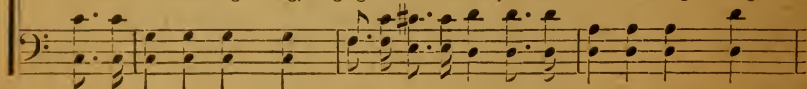


*D.S.*—find me sing- ing round the throne.

## CHORUS.



You will find me singing round the throne, You will find me singing round the  
You will find me sing - ing, singing round the throne, You will find me sing - ing,



throne; When you look into the faces of the millions praising God, You will  
singing round the throne;

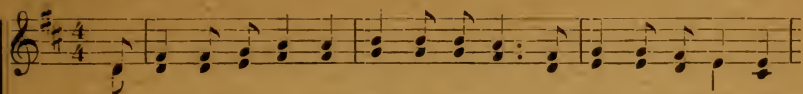


# Take Off the Old Coat.

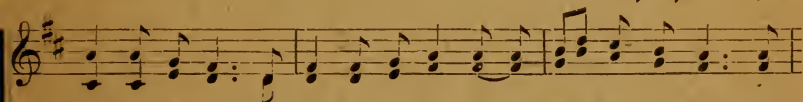
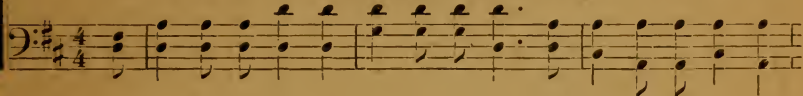
15

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

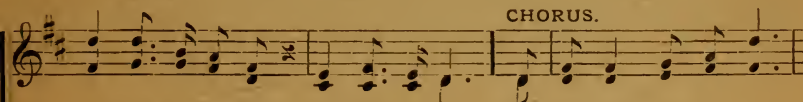
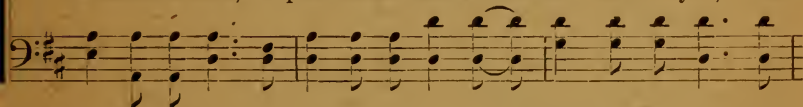
GEO. C. HUGG.



1. The feast is prepared, you're urged to come in, Long years you have worn that
2. The old coat has brought you sorrow and care, It led you to shame, it
3. The old coat is soiled without and within, All covered with guilt, all
4. The new coat is love-ly, spotless and pure, Arrayed in that coat a

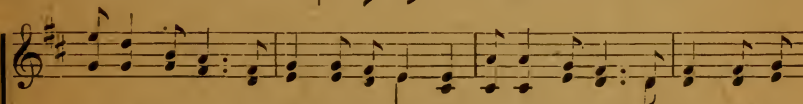
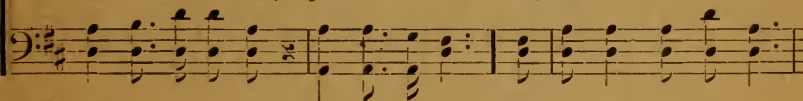


old coat of sin; But for such a feast this old garment won't do, 'Then  
led to despair; It nev-er has been a bless-ing to you, Then  
spot- ted with sin; To wear to the banquet it nev-er will do, Then  
welcome is sure; A place at the feast will be sav-ed for you, Then

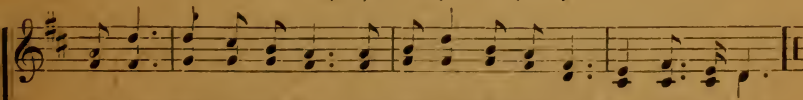
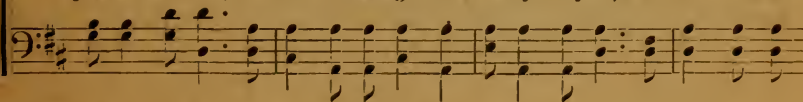


## CHORUS.

take off the old coat, put on the new. Oh, take off the old coat,



put on the new, For Christ has a garment ready for you; White robes of sal-



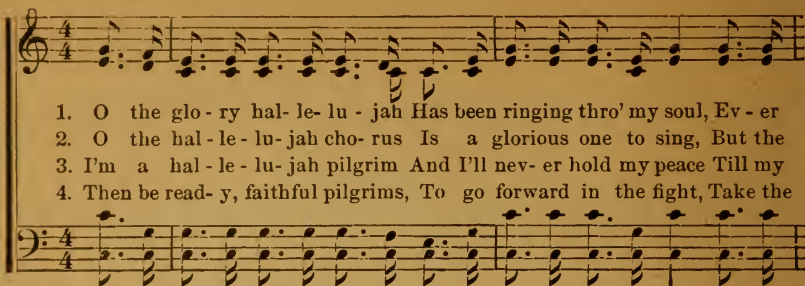
va-tion wait at the door, Then take off the old coat, wear it no more.



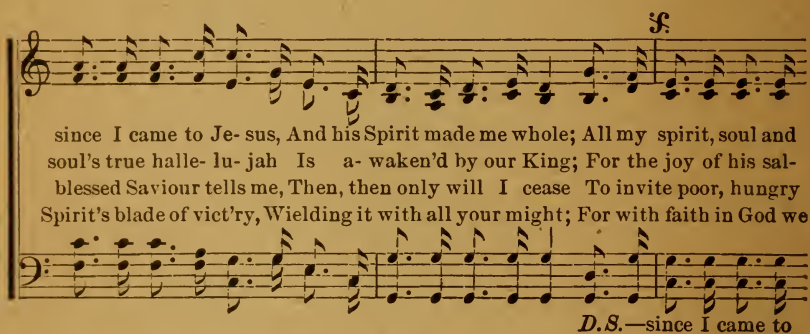
## On the Hallelujah Line.

Rev. J. M. HOBBS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

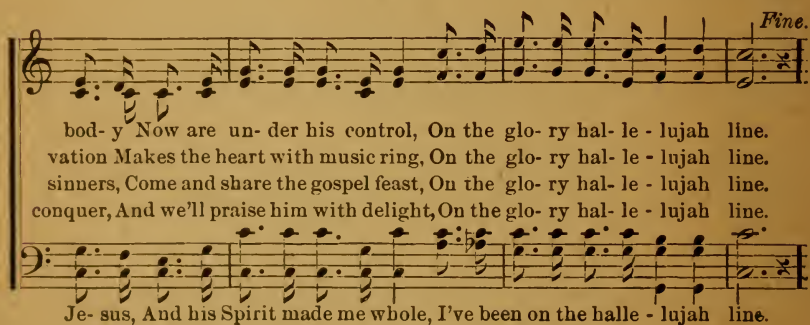


1. O the glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Has been ringing thro' my soul, Ev-er  
 2. O the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus Is a glorious one to sing, But the  
 3. I'm a hal-le-lu-jah pilgrim And I'll nev-er hold my peace Till my  
 4. Then be read-y, faithful pilgrims, To go forward in the fight, Take the



since I came to Je-sus, And his Spirit made me whole; All my spirit, soul and  
 soul's true hal-le-lu-jah Is a-waken'd by our King; For the joy of his sal-  
 blessed Saviour tells me, Then, then only will I cease To invite poor, hungry  
 Spirit's blade of vict'ry, Wielding it with all your might; For with faith in God we

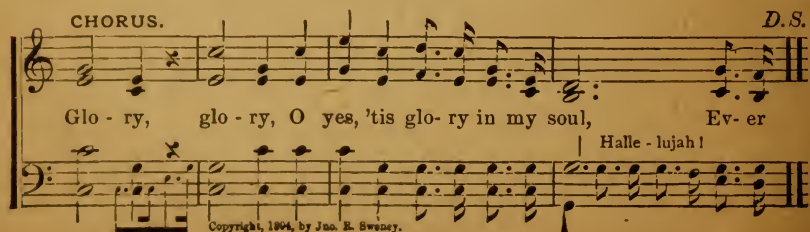
*D.S.*—since I came to



bod-y Now are un-der his control, On the glo-ry hal-le-lujah line.  
 vation Makes the heart with music ring, On the glo-ry hal-le-lujah line.  
 sinners, Come and share the gospel feast, On the glo-ry hal-le-lujah line.  
 conquer, And we'll praise him with delight, On the glo-ry hal-le-lujah line.

Je-sus, And his Spirit made me whole, I've been on the hal-le-lujah line.

CHORUS.



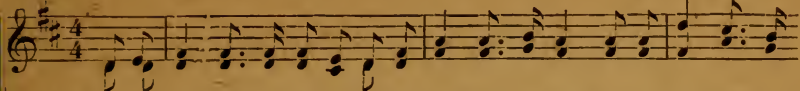
Glo-ry, glo-ry, O yes, 'tis glo-ry in my soul, Ev-er  
 Halle-lujah!

# I will Look for You There.

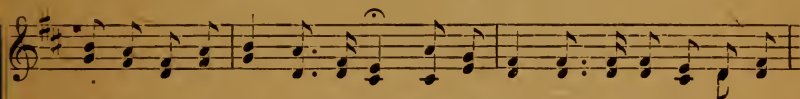
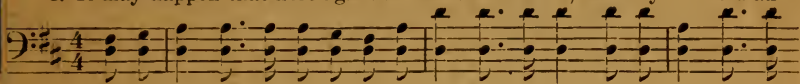
17

W. E. M.

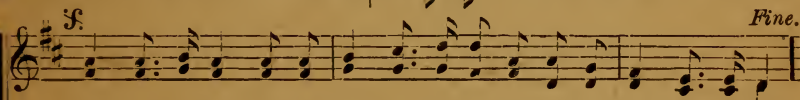
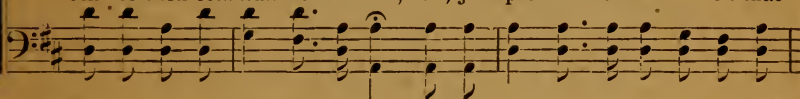
WM. EDIE MARKS.



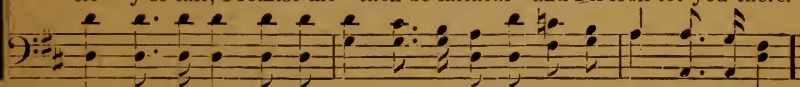
1. When the faithful have gather'd up in heaven at last, When the trial of the
2. When the long, long procession passes on by the King, When the shouts of the
3. It may happen that here again we never shall meet, We may not hold an -



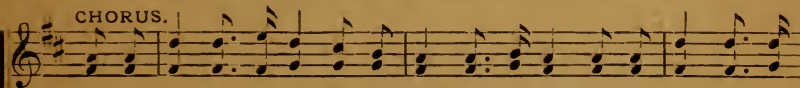
Christian is a thing of the past; Where the servants of Je- sus have no victors join to make heaven ring, When each one from the Master takes the oth- er such communion so sweet; Oh, just promise to meet me in that



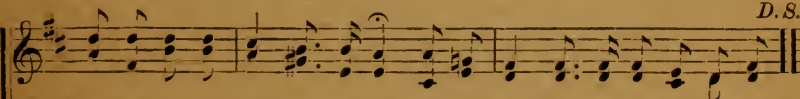
cross - es to bear, In that beau- ti - ful cit - y, I will look for you there. crown he shall wear, I shall surely be with them, and I'll look for you there. cit - y so fair, Promise me—then be faithful—and I'll look for you there.



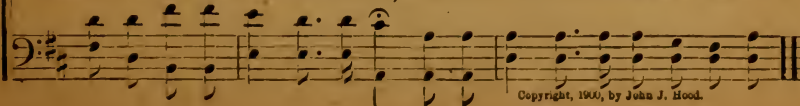
*D.S.*—crown he shall wear, In the time of our triumph I will look for you there.



I will look for you there, I will look for you there, When the cross is a -



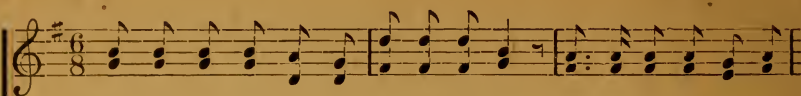
bandon'd which we here have to bear, When each one from the Master takes the



## All the Way Long It is Jesus.

I. H. M.

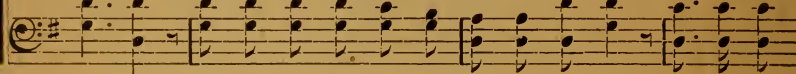
I. H. MEREDITH.



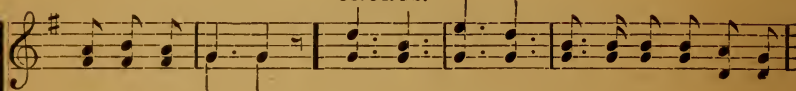
1. Joy - ful I sing as I journey each day, All the way long it is
2. Tho' I am tempted and sorrow-oppressed, All the way long it is
3. Nothing shall sev - er my Saviour from me, All the way long it is
4. There I shall sing on that beau - ti - ful strand, All the way long it is



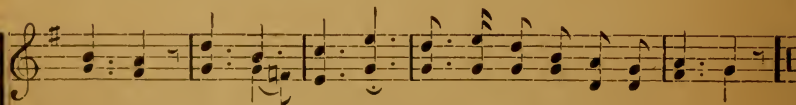
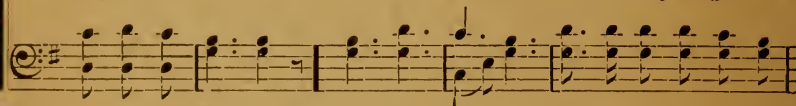
Je - sus; Safe while he leads me, I nev - er shall stray, All the way  
 Je - sus; Still I can trust him, his Spir - it gives rest, All the way  
 Je - sus; Soon in its beau - ty his face I shall see, All the way  
 Je - sus; There in the presence of Christ I shall stand, All the way



## CHORUS.



long it is Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is



Je - sus; Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is Je - sus.

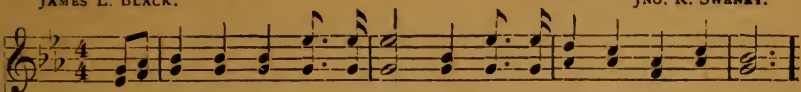


# On the Victory Side.

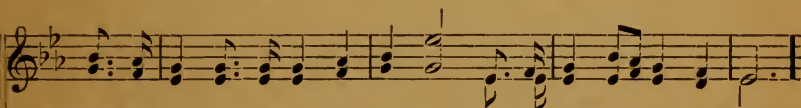
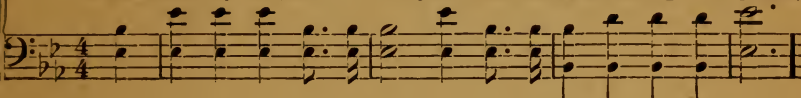
19

JAMES L. BLACK.

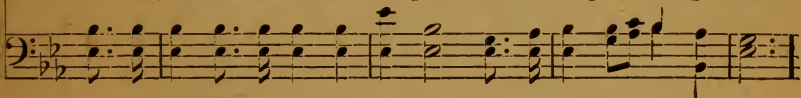
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith enraptured sings,
2. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord himself comes near,
3. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempter flies a - pace,
4. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,



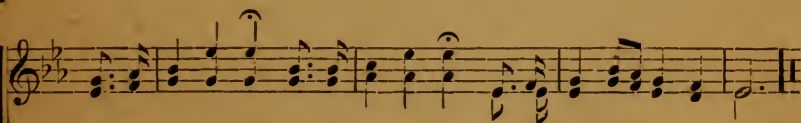
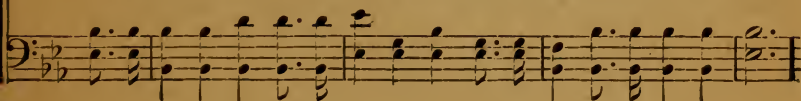
While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the mighty King of kings.  
And the shout of a roy - al ar - my On the bat - tle - field we hear.  
And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.  
Unto him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of triumph raise.



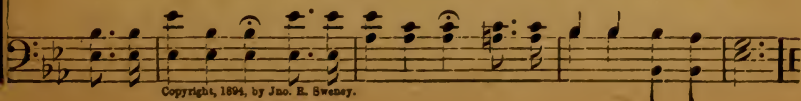
## CHORUS.



On the vict'ry side, on the vict'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;



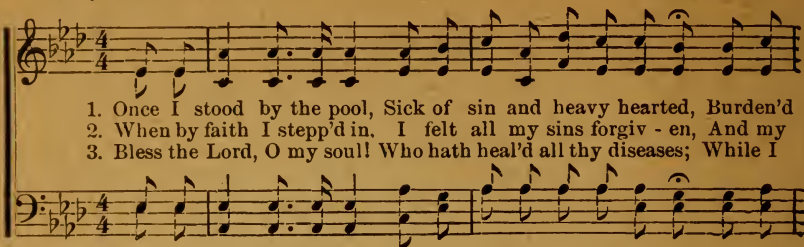
On the vict'ry side we will boldly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.



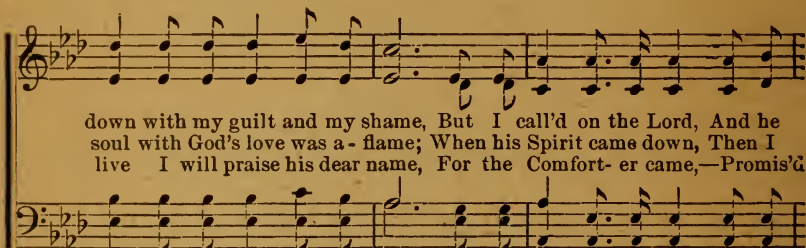
# I was Down at the Pool.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

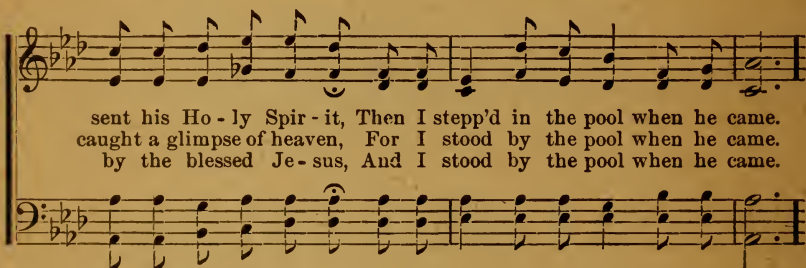
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Once I stood by the pool, Sick of sin and heavy hearted, Burden'd  
 2. When by faith I stepp'd in, I felt all my sins forgiv - en, And my  
 3. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Who hath heal'd all thy diseases; While I

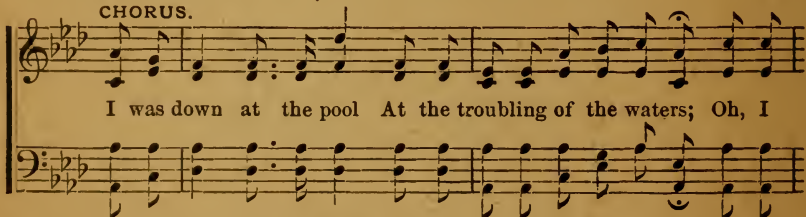


down with my guilt and my shame, But I call'd on the Lord, And he  
 soul with God's love was a - flame; When his Spirit came down, Then I  
 live I will praise his dear name, For the Comfort - er came, —Promis'd

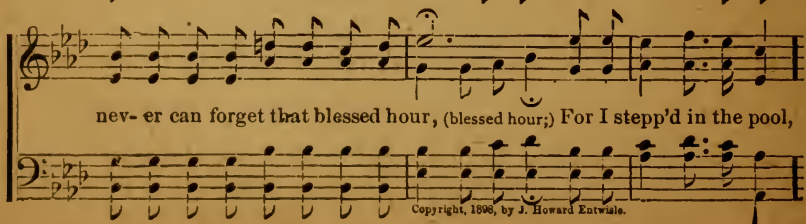


sent his Ho - ly Spir - it, Then I stepp'd in the pool when he came.  
 caught a glimpse of heaven, For I stood by the pool when he came.  
 by the blessed Je - sus, And I stood by the pool when he came.

## CHORUS.



I was down at the pool At the troubling of the waters; Oh, I



nev - er can forget that blessed hour, (blessed hour;) For I stepp'd in the pool,

# I was Down at the Pool.—CONCLUDED. 21

And found pardon in the waters, When the Spirit came in mighty pow'r.  
mighty pow'r.

## Living Water.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Bless-ed words that with me dwell, Sweetly spoken at the well,
2. Bless-ed words, in sweet re - frain, Drink and nev-er thirst a - gain,
3. Gushing streams that nev-er cease, Bringing ec - sta - cy and peace,

Where our Saviour sat one day, Resting, wea-ry by the way.  
Wa - ter from the fount of love, From the crystal streams a - bove.  
Thro' the vale of tears and woe, Healing streams that ev-er flow.

### CHORUS.

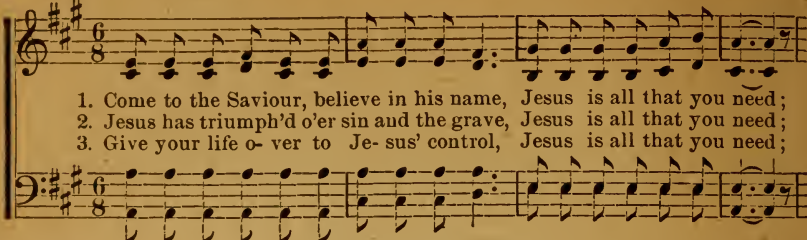
"I will be with-in thee, A well of wa-ter, a well of water,

Spring - - ing up in - to ev - er - last - ing life."  
Springing up, yes, springing up,

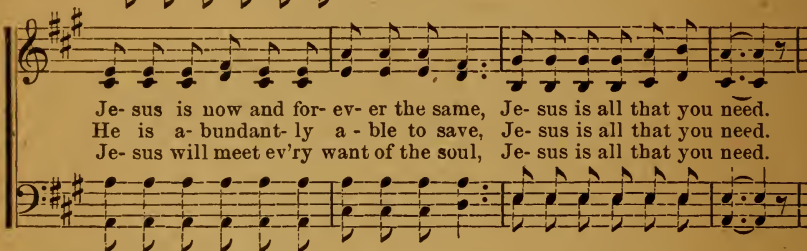
# Jesus is All that You Need.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

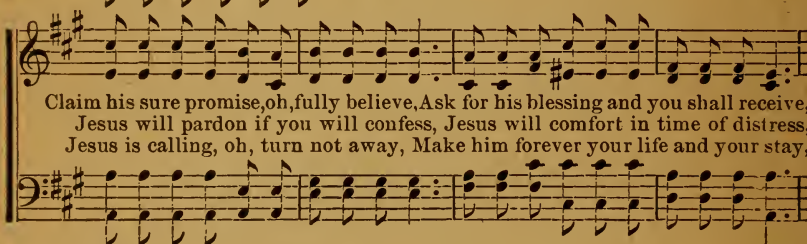
FRANK M. DAVIS.



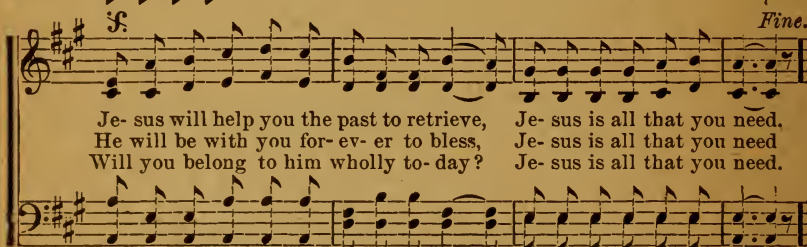
1. Come to the Saviour, believe in his name, Jesus is all that you need;  
 2. Jesus has triumph'd o'er sin and the grave, Jesus is all that you need;  
 3. Give your life o- ver to Je- sus' control, Jesus is all that you need;



Je- sus is now and for- ev- er the same, Je- sus is all that you need.  
 He is a- bundant- ly a- ble to save, Je- sus is all that you need.  
 Je- sus will meet ev'ry want of the soul, Je- sus is all that you need.



Claim his sure promise, oh, fully believe, Ask for his blessing and you shall receive,  
 Jesus will pardon if you will confess, Jesus will comfort in time of distress,  
 Jesus is calling, oh, turn not away, Make him forever your life and your stay,

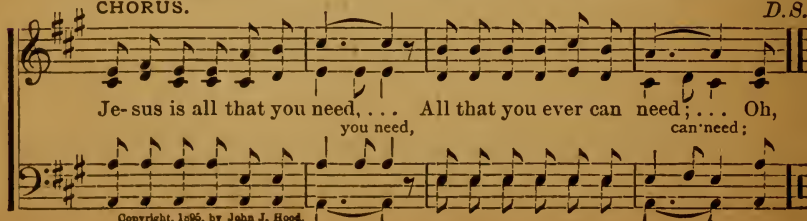


Je- sus will help you the past to retrieve, Je- sus is all that you need,  
 He will be with you for- ev- er to bless, Je- sus is all that you need  
 Will you belong to him wholly to- day? Je- sus is all that you need.

*D.S.*—why turn away from the Saviour to-day, When Jesus is all that you need?

## CHORUS.

*D.S.*



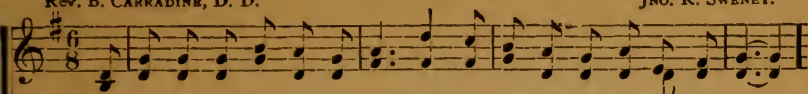
Je- sus is all that you need, . . . All that you ever can need; . . . Oh,  
 you need, can need;

# Christ Within.

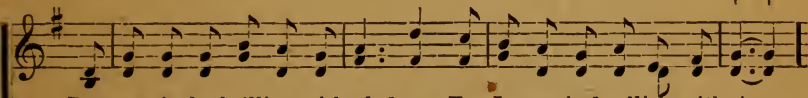
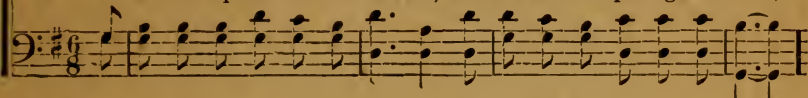
23

REV. B. CARRADINE, D. D.

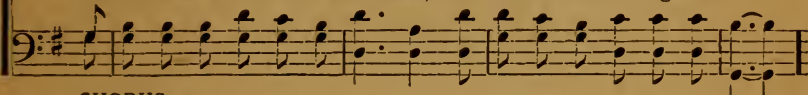
JNO. R. SWENEY.



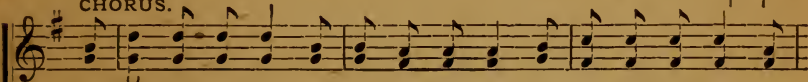
1. My heart was once heavy with sadness And struggling with burdens and sin,
2. Once Jesus would visit his dwelling, Then leave thro' my doubt or my sin;
3. The grave was once dark to my vision, A goal that I cared not to win;
4. I oft-en repined un-der crosses, And knew not repining was sin;



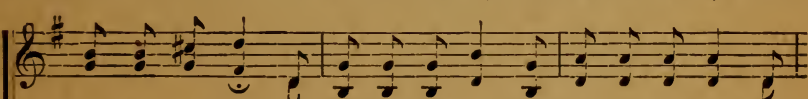
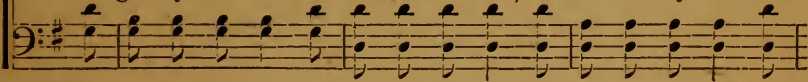
But now it is thrilling with gladness, For Je-sus is dwelling with-in.  
But now I rejoice in the tell-ing, My Saviour a-bideth with-in.  
A gate now to countries e-ly-sian! Since Jesus is dwelling with-in.  
I shout now o'er burdens and losses, For Je-sus is dwelling with-in.



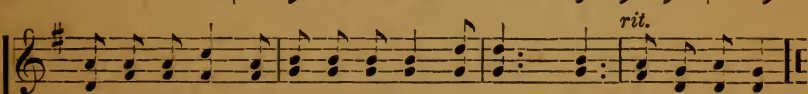
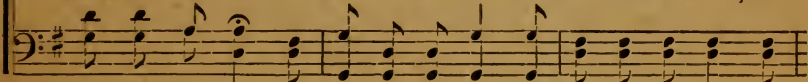
## CHORUS.



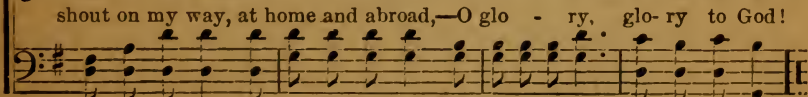
O glo-ry to God! the Saviour has come; He dwells in my heart and



makes it his home: I hear his sweet voice and feel his own blood, And



shout on my way, at home and abroad,—O glo-ry, glo-ry to God!



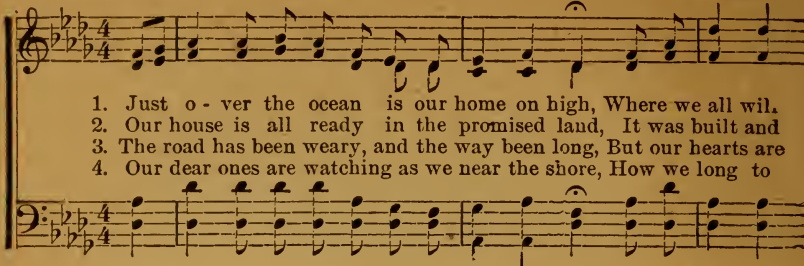
Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweney.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>5 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow,<br/>The cares and the fears of the day,<br/>I ask not what comes with the morrow,<br/>For Jesus is in me to stay.</p> | <p>6 Let Satan and man now assail me,<br/>Let death lay me low in the grave;<br/>The Victor within will not fail me,<br/>What more can I pray for, or have?</p> |
|--|---|

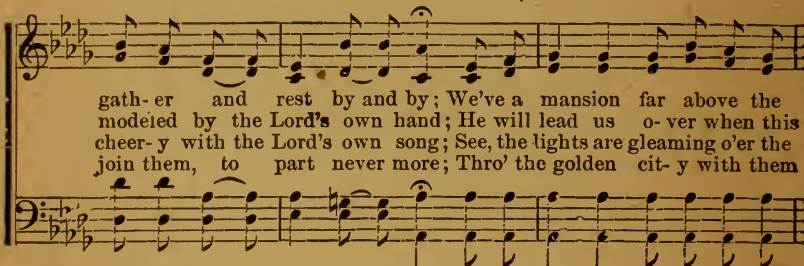
# We are Almost Home.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

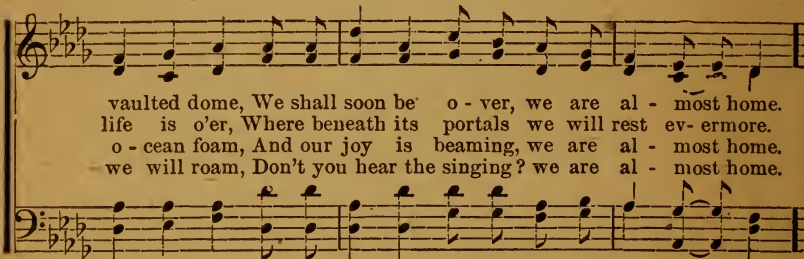
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Just o - ver the ocean is our home on high, Where we all wil.  
 2. Our house is all ready in the promised land, It was built and  
 3. The road has been weary, and the way been long, But our hearts are  
 4. Our dear ones are watching as we near the shore, How we long to

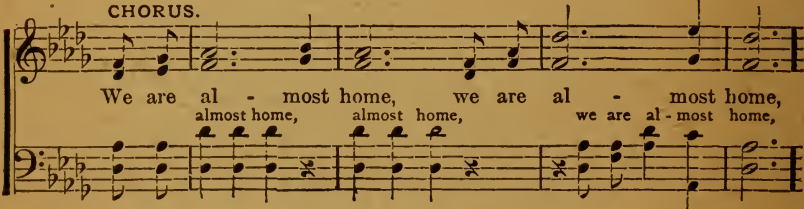


gath - er and rest by and by; We've a mansion far above the  
 modeled by the Lord's own hand; He will lead us o - ver when this  
 cheer - y with the Lord's own song; See, the lights are gleaming o'er the  
 join them, to part never more; Thro' the golden cit - y with them

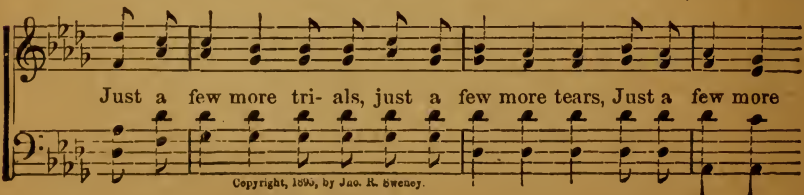


vaulted dome, We shall soon be o - ver, we are al - most home.  
 life is o'er, Where beneath its portals we will rest ev - ermore.  
 o - cean foam, And our joy is beaming, we are al - most home.  
 we will roam, Don't you hear the singing? we are al - most home.

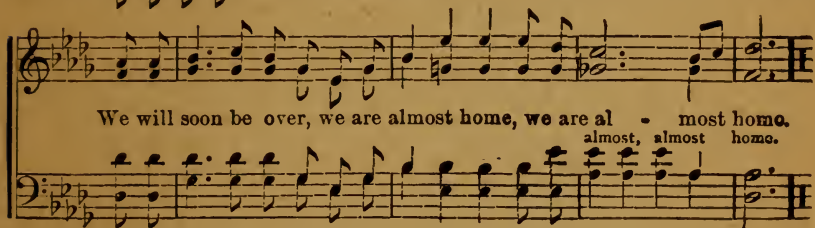
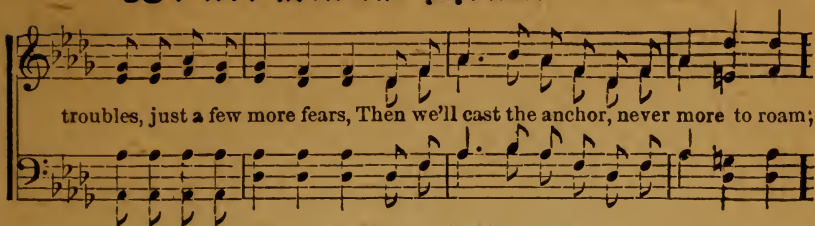
CHORUS.



We are al - most home, we are al - most home,  
 almost home, almost home, we are al - most home,



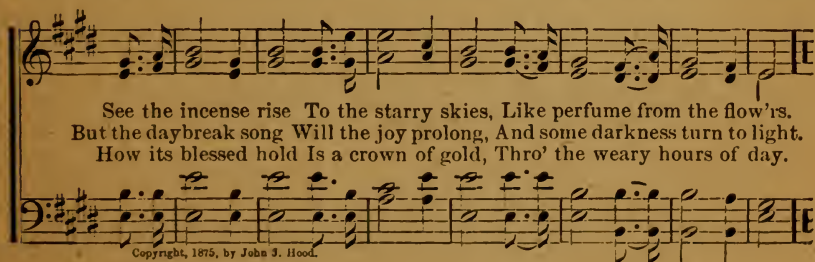
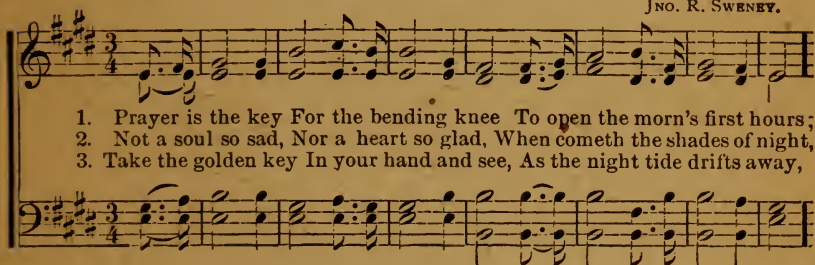
Just a few more tri - als, just a few more tears, Just a few more



## The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.



Copyright, 1875, by John J. Hood.

4 When the shadows fall,  
And the vesper call  
Is sobbing its low refrain,  
'Tis a garland sweet  
To the toil-dent feet,  
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door  
Shall be shut no more:  
Life's tears shall be wiped away,  
As the pearl gates swing,  
And the gold harps ring,  
And the sun unsheathes for aye.

Praise Hymns—D

# He Saves Me.

J. W. H.

*Joyfully.*

J. WESLEY HUGHES.



1. I'm happy in Jesus my Saviour, My sins he hath taken a - way;
2. He gives me his Spirit to guide me In paths of refreshing de - light,
3. How can I but tell the glad sto - ry 'To all who are waiting to hear,
4. I'll praise him forever and ev - er For sav - ing a sin - ner like me,



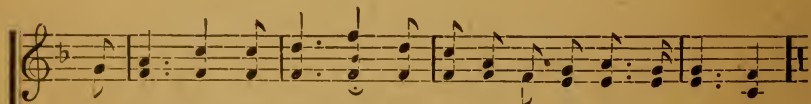
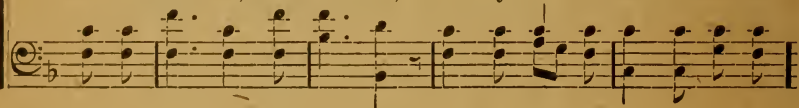
And now I a - bide in his fa - vor, I walk in the light of the day.  
 While under his wing doth he hide me Thro' all the dark shadows of night.  
 And sing of the love and the glo - ry Of Jesus, my Saviour so dear?  
 And shout on the banks of the riv - er, Salvation, salvation is free!



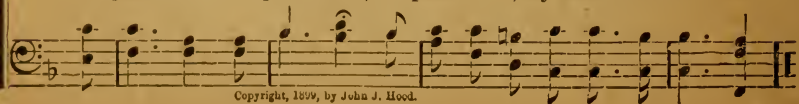
## CHORUS.



For he saves me, he saves me, Glo - ry to his name for - ev - er!



I'll praise him, I'll praise him, I'll praise him, my blessed Redeem - er.

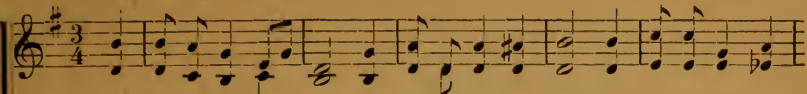


# Dear Lord, I would be Thine.

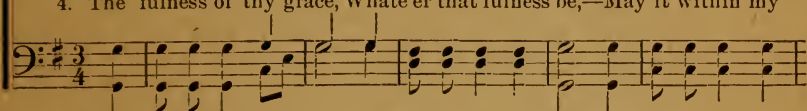
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Rev. C. P. SWAIN.

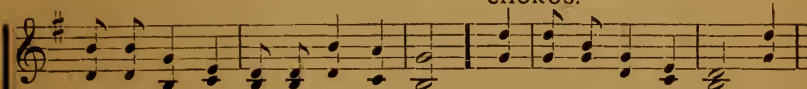
EDWIN GARDNER.



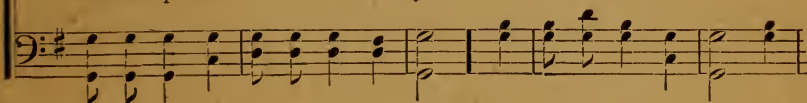
1. Dear Lord, I would be thine; My heart, my life, my soul I to thy pleasure
2. The tenden- cy to sin Far from my heart remove; Spir- it of burning,
3. To my inquir- ing mind, Oh, come with living pow'r; Help me thy perfect
4. The fulness of thy grace, Whate'er that fulness be,—May it within my



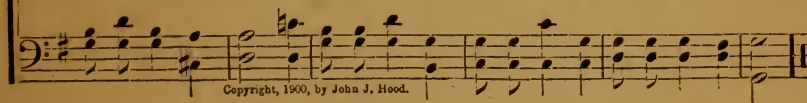
## CHORUS.



would resign, To sancti - fy the whole. Oh, fill me now, I pray, Fill  
 dwell within, Fill me with perfect love.  
 love to find, And keep it from this hour.  
 heart have place To all e - ter - ni - ty.



me with perfect love; Baptize with pow'r from day to day, Let me thy fulness prove.



Copyright, 1900, by John J. Hood.

## THERE'S A GREAT MEETING.

Tune.—"The Sweet By and By."

THERE's a great meeting coming on some day,

The program will be varied and grand;  
 'Tis a great free and easy they say,  
 All are welcome, so be sure to be on hand.

CHO.—In the sweet by and by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We have never seen the faces so sweet,  
 Of the angels who brought good news to men; [street,  
 But we'll muster on the great golden  
 We shall sing with the bright angels then.

3 There'll be Miriam with timbrel in hand,  
 And David, king minstrel will sing.  
 With his great hallelujah string band.  
 They will play in the salvation ring.

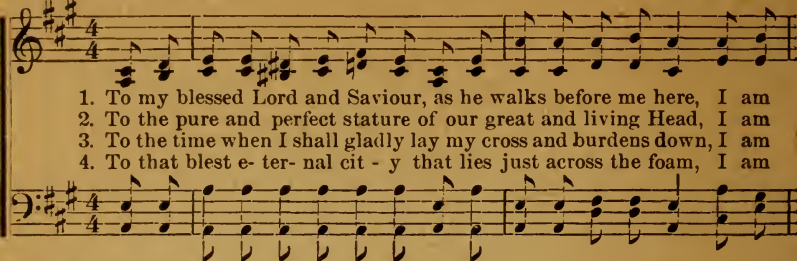
4 Of Samson I've often heard tell,  
 Who conquered the Philistine host,  
 How he pulled down the house when he fell,  
 They will tell how he died at his post.

5 There'll be Stephen the martyr and Paul,  
 Who long have each other understood,  
 The stoning is settled once for all, [blood.  
 They'll rejoice there together thro' the

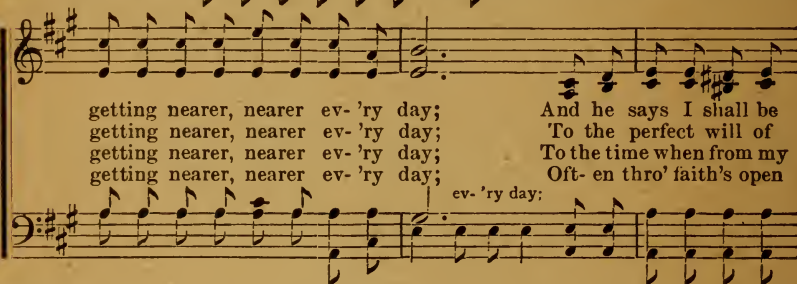
## Nearer every Day.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

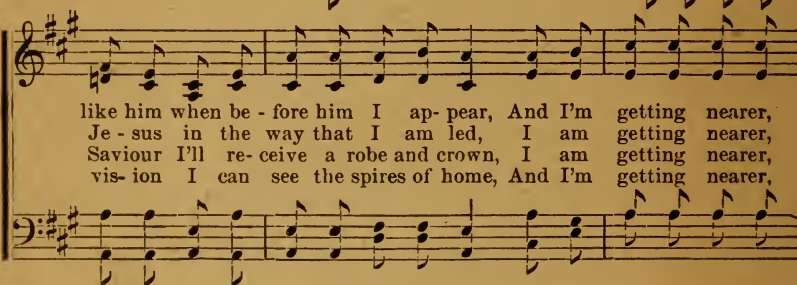
ADAM GRIBEL.



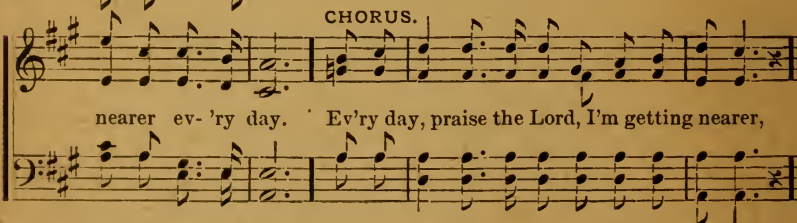
1. To my blessed Lord and Saviour, as he walks before me here, I am  
 2. To the pure and perfect stature of our great and living Head, I am  
 3. To the time when I shall gladly lay my cross and burdens down, I am  
 4. To that blest e-ter-nal cit-y that lies just across the foam, I am



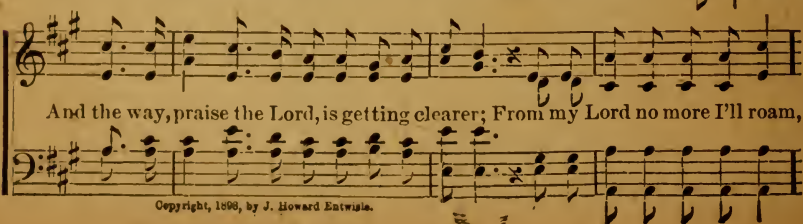
getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day; And he says I shall be  
 getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day; To the perfect will of  
 getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day; To the time when from my  
 getting nearer, nearer ev-'ry day; Oft-en thro' faith's open



like him when be-fore him I ap-pear, And I'm getting nearer,  
 Je-sus in the way that I am led, I am getting nearer,  
 Saviour I'll re-ceive a robe and crown, I am getting nearer,  
 vis-ion I can see the spires of home, And I'm getting nearer,



CHORUS.  
 nearer ev-'ry day. Ev-'ry day, praise the Lord, I'm getting nearer,



And the way, praise the Lord, is getting clearer; From my Lord no more I'll roam,

For I see the lights of home, And I'm getting nearer, nearer ev'ry day.

ev'ry day.

## When I See the Blood.

JOHN.

J. G. F.

1. Christ our Redeemer died on the cross, Died for the sinner, paid all his due;
2. Chiefest of sinners, Je- sus can save, As he has promised so will he do;
3. Judgment is coming, all will be there, Who have rejected, who have refused;
4. Oh, what compassion, O boundless love, Je- sus hath power, Je- sus is true;

All who receive him need never fear, Yes, he will pass, will pass over you.  
 O sinner, hear him, trust in his word, Then he will pass, will pass over you.  
 O sinner, hast- en, let Je- sus in, Then God will pass, will pass over you.  
 All who believe are safe from the storm, Oh, he will pass, will pass over you.

CHORUS.

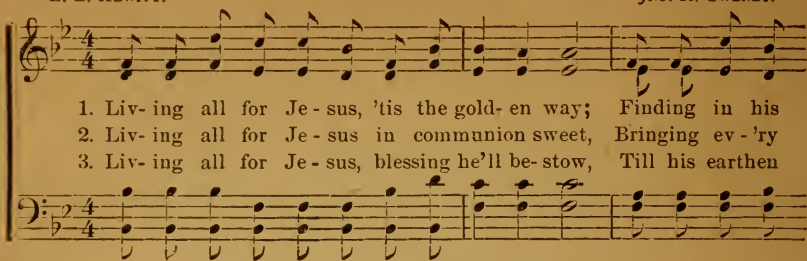
When I see the blood, When I see the blood,  
 When I see the blood, When I see the blood,

When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass over you.  
 When I see the blood, o- ver you.

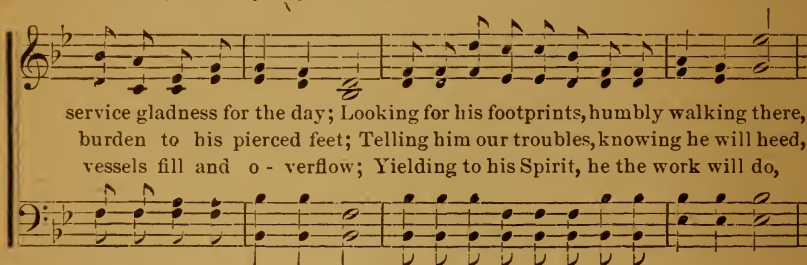
# Living All for Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

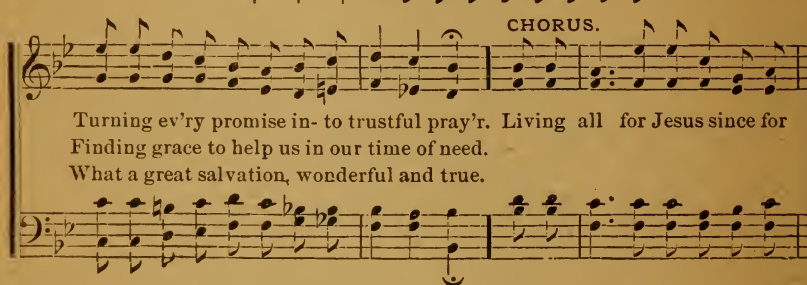
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Liv- ing all for Je- sus, 'tis the gold- en way; Finding in his  
 2. Liv- ing all for Je- sus in communion sweet, Bringing ev- 'ry  
 3. Liv- ing all for Je- sus, blessing he'll be- stow, Till his earthen

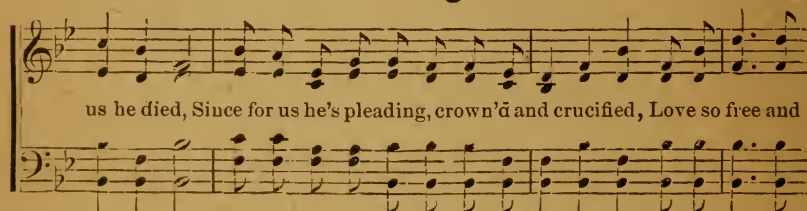


service gladness for the day; Looking for his footprints, humbly walking there,  
 burden to his pierced feet; Telling him our troubles, knowing he will heed,  
 vessels fill and o - verflow; Yielding to his Spirit, he the work will do,

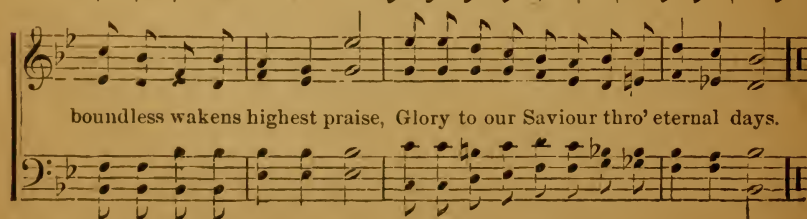


CHORUS.

Turning ev'ry promise in- to trustful pray'r. Living all for Jesus since for  
 Finding grace to help us in our time of need.  
 What a great salvation, wonderful and true.



us he died, Since for us he's pleading, crown'd and crucified, Love so free and



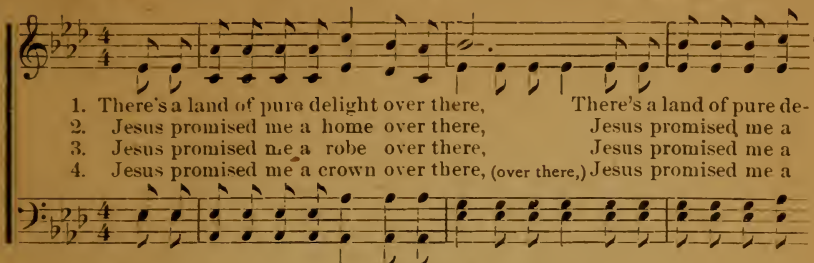
boundless wakens highest praise, Glory to our Saviour thro' eternal days.

# That Home Over There.

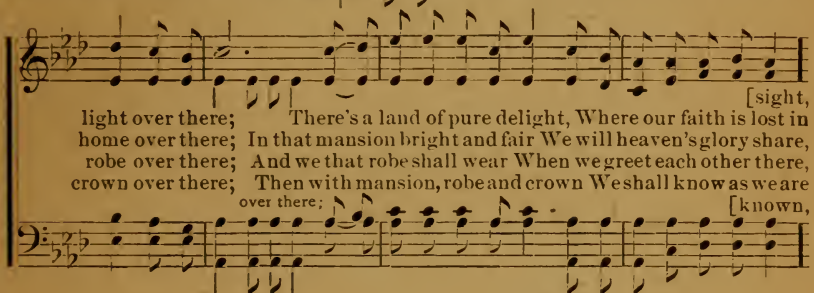
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W. W. V.

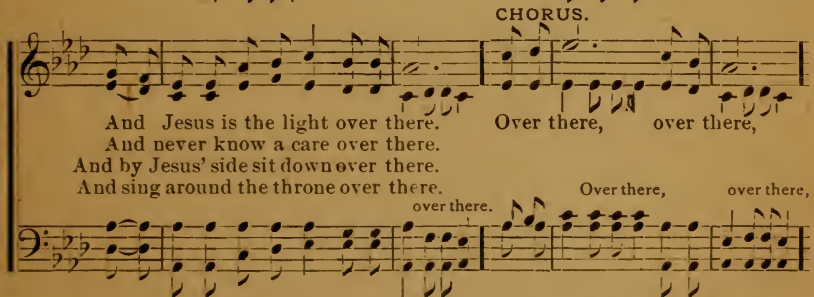
WM. W. VANSANT.



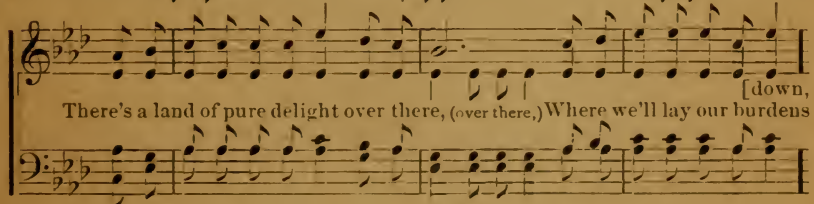
1. There's a land of pure delight over there, There's a land of pure de-  
 2. Jesus promised me a home over there, Jesus promised me a  
 3. Jesus promised me a robe over there, Jesus promised me a  
 4. Jesus promised me a crown over there, (over there,) Jesus promised me a



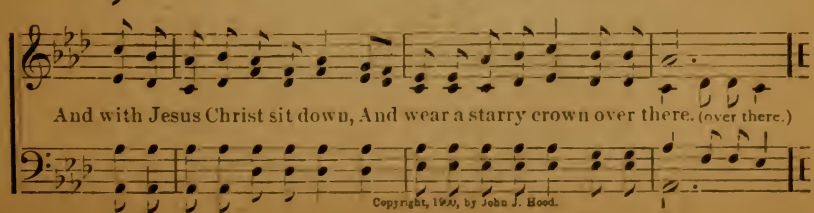
light over there; There's a land of pure delight, Where our faith is lost in [sight,  
 home over there; In that mansion bright and fair We will heaven's glory share,  
 robe over there; And we that robe shall wear When we greet each other there,  
 crown over there; Then with mansion, robe and crown We shall know as we are [known,  
 over there;



CHORUS.  
 And Jesus is the light over there. Over there, over there,  
 And never know a care over there.  
 And by Jesus' side sit down over there.  
 And sing around the throne over there. over there. Over there, over there,



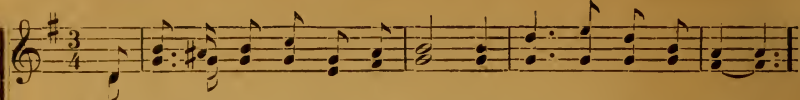
There's a land of pure delight over there, (over there,) Where we'll lay our burdens [down,



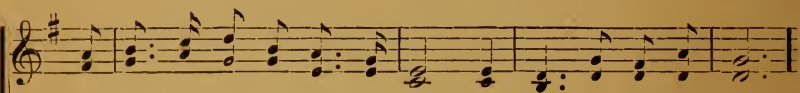
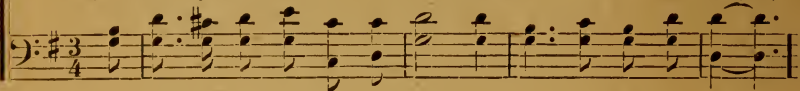
And with Jesus Christ sit down, And wear a starry crown over there. (over there.)

F. A. HILLERY.

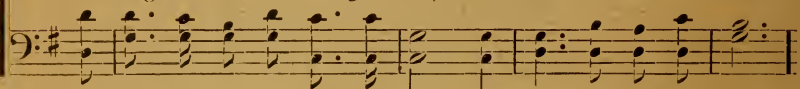
C. HOWARD DAVIS.



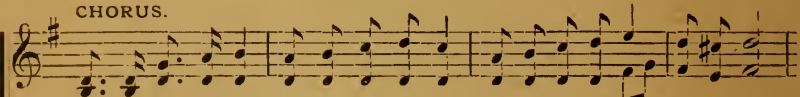
1. When speaking of the word of God, The sanc - ti - fy - ing grace;
2. You praise the cleansing from all sin, In ac - tion, word and germ;
3. There is a work of God without: Man jus - ti - fied a - bove;
4. The worldly-wise men of to - day Hate tes - ti - mo - nies straight;



Give no un - certain sound to men; Give terms their proper place.  
 You nev - er say, He sanc - ti - fies; Oh, why so dodge the term?  
 And then a per - fect in - ward work: Man sanc - ti - fied in love.  
 The Drag - on and his an - gels too, The same a - bom - i - nate.



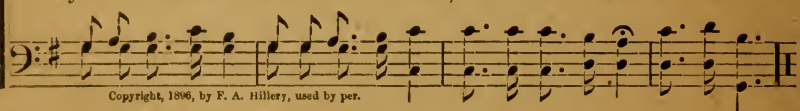
## CHORUS.



Je - sus sancti - fies, yes, he sancti - fies, Wholly sanctifies e - ven me;



By the blood he shed on the cross of shame, Je - sus sancti - fies e - ven me.



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5 You say, bless God, he saves me now!  
 You care not who denies;  
 But why not say, if just as true,  
 Bless God, he sanctifies?

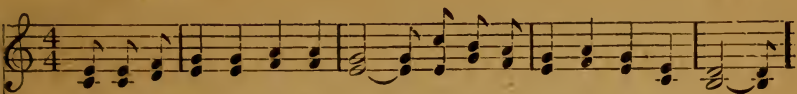
6 He is able now to sanctify,  
 You readily admit;  
 But why not say, he sanctifies,  
 And so be definite?

# I'm Washed In the Blood.

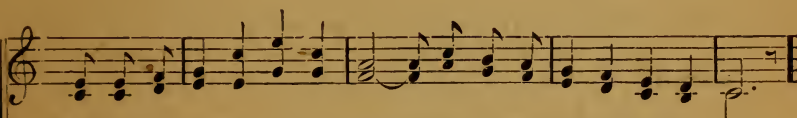
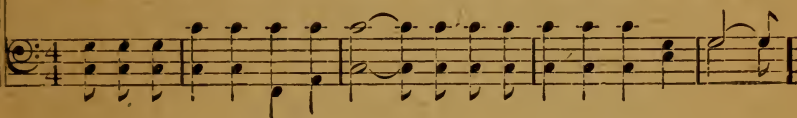
33

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

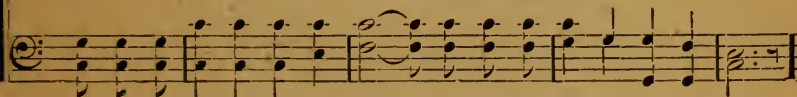
JOHN J. HOOD.



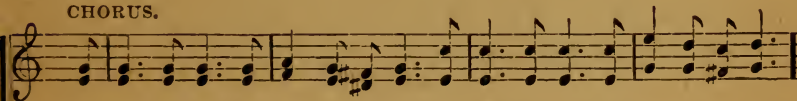
1. My many sins are all for - giv'n, And ev'ry slavish chain is riv'n;
2. I ask'd for mercy at the throne, No merits had I of my own;
3. The blood flows o'er my trusting soul, It saves and makes me clean and whole;



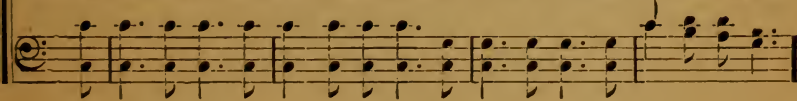
My burden's gone, my soul is free, The precious blood avails for me.  
I pray'd for help in Je - sus' name, And to my heart the answer came:  
Beneath the crimson tide I'll stay, Where all my guilt is wash'd a - way.



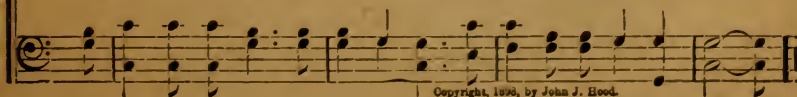
## CHORUS.



The blood, the blood, I'm wash'd in the blood! I'm sav'd, I'm sav'd, O glory to God!



To save me from sin the Saviour died, And now I am jus - ti - fied.



Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hood.

Praise Hymns—E

# Lord Jesus, Make me Whole.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord Jesus, make me whole in the fount of life, That's made for sin-  
 2. I come, dear Lord, to thee with a child-like faith, My bur - den of  
 3. I need thy pard'ning blood to my heart applied, O thou who hast

cleansing here be - low; O wash me in the blood of the Cru - ci - fied,  
 sin is great, I know; But thou canst wash me clean in thy precious blood,  
 paid the debt I owe; Then plunge me in the tide of the crimson flood,

## CHORUS.

And I shall be whiter than the snow. Whit - - er than the  
 Whiter than the snow,

snow, Whit - - er than the snow; O  
 Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow;

wash me in the blood of the Crucified, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

# Send the Fire Just Now.

35

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. While we now, dear Lord, at thy al - tar kneel, Come in might - y
2. Let the al - tar - fire, bless - ed Lord, be felt, Till these hearts of
3. Ev - 'rything is now on the al - tar laid, We have un - to
4. Lord, burn up the dross, all the gold re - fine, Now up - on our

pow'r, now thyself re - veal; Lord, the old-time fire we de - sire to feel,  
ours with thy love shall melt; Touch our lips, dear Lord, as the coals are dealt,  
thee full sur - render made; May the fire consume, let it not be stay'd,  
hearts may thine image shine, That we may be seal'd, Lord, forev - er thine,—

## CHORUS.

Send the fire, send it now, just now. Send the fire, send the  
Send the fire, send it now, just now. dear Lord,  
Send it, Lord, send it now, just now.  
Send the fire, send it now, just now.

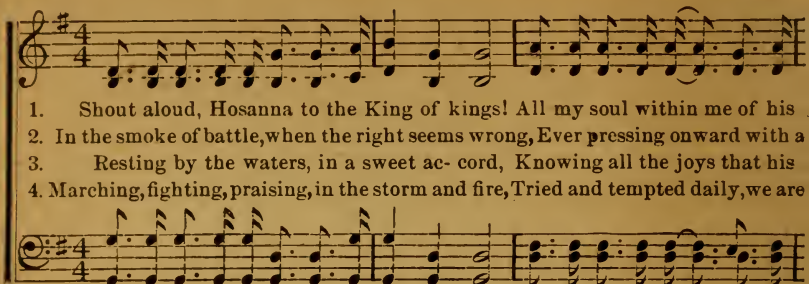
fire, just now, While we here at thy al - tar bow, Glo - ri - fy thy

name, send the liv - ing flame,—Send the fire, send it now, just now.

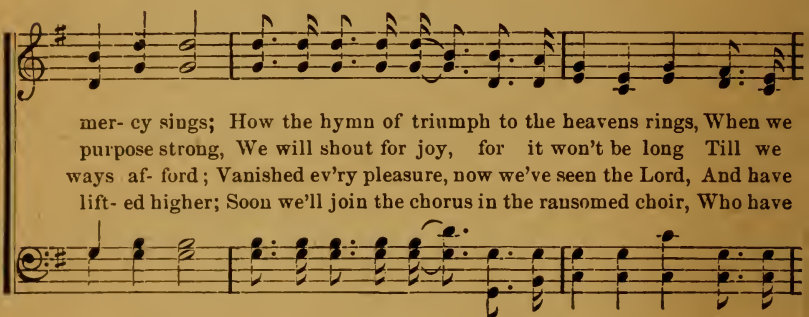
# We Overcome by the Blood.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

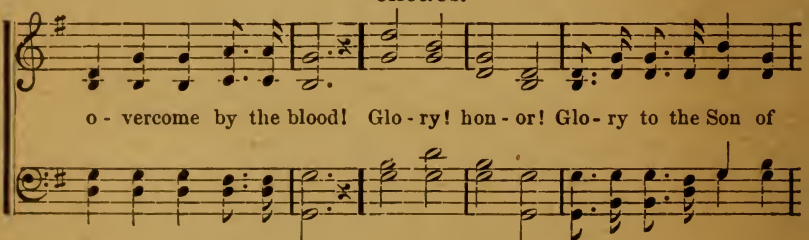


1. Shout aloud, Hosanna to the King of kings! All my soul within me of his  
 2. In the smoke of battle, when the right seems wrong, Ever pressing onward with a  
 3. Resting by the waters, in a sweet ac- cord, Knowing all the joys that his  
 4. Marching, fighting, praising, in the storm and fire, Tried and tempted daily, we are

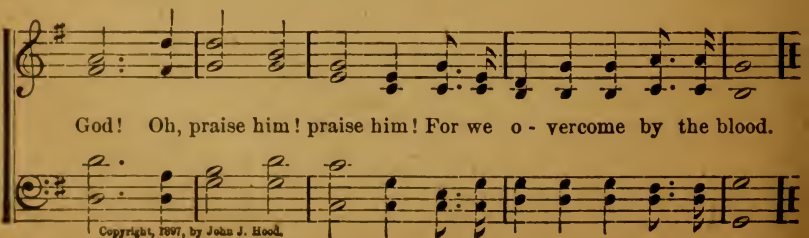


mer- cy sings; How the hymn of triumph to the heavens rings, When we  
 purpose strong, We will shout for joy, for it won't be long Till we  
 ways af- ford; Vanished ev'ry pleasure, now we've seen the Lord, And have  
 lift- ed higher; Soon we'll join the chorus in the ransomed choir, Who have

## CHORUS.



o - vercome by the blood! Glo - ry! hon - or! Glo - ry to the Son of



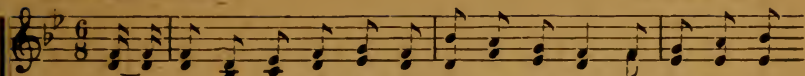
God! Oh, praise him! praise him! For we o - vercome by the blood.

# Going Away Without Jesus.

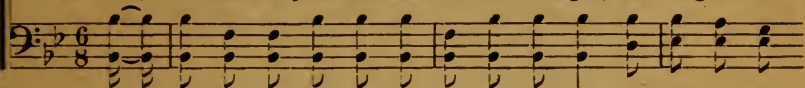
37

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

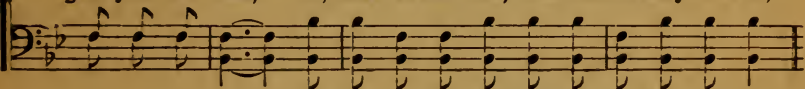
FRANK M. DAVIS.



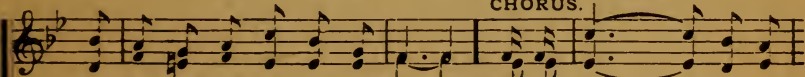
1. Are you go - ing a - way without Je - sus to-night, In sor - row and
2. Are you go - ing away without Christ for your friend, Whose friendship is
3. With measure - less love Je - sus suffer'd and died A ran - som for
4. Oh, do not re - ject this dear Saviour to-night, He longeth to



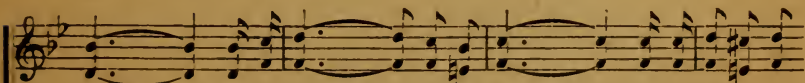
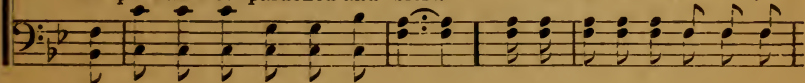
darkness a - lone, — Re - fus - ing his of - fer of par - don and light,  
last - ing and true? 'Twill strengthen and comfort, 'twill guide and defend,  
sin - ners, one day, He poured out his love in that wonder - ful tide  
give you his rest; Oh, hark to his voice, hear him sweetly in - vite,



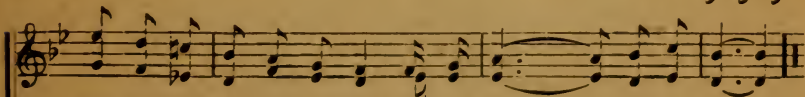
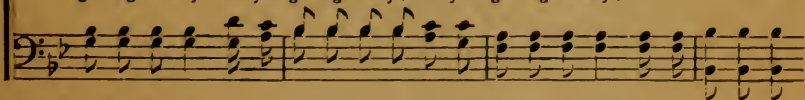
## CHORUS.



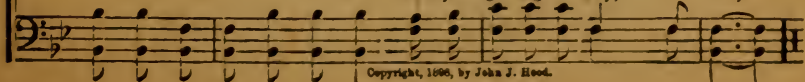
And peace that you nev - er have known?  
And free - ly 'tis offered to you. Are you go - - ing a -  
That washes transgressions a - way.  
Re - pent and be pardoned and blest. Are you go - ing away? Are you



way? . . . . Are you go - - ing a - way? . . . Are you going a -  
go - ing a - way? Are you go - ing away? Are you go - ing a - way?



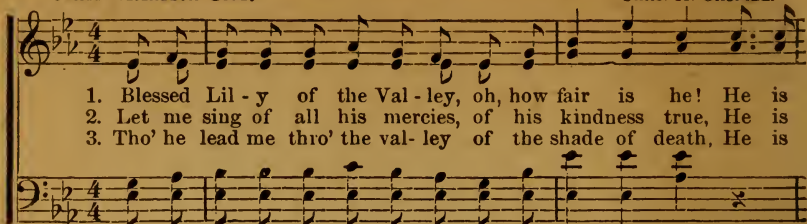
way without Je - sus to-night? Are you go - - ing a - way?  
Are you go - ing a - way, a - way?



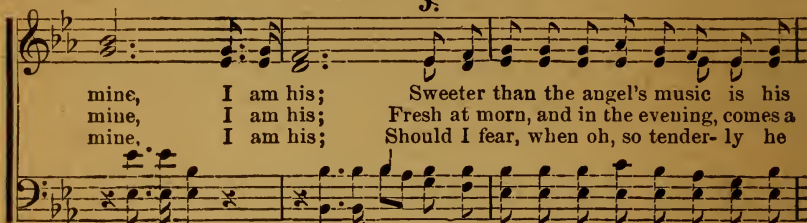
# He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



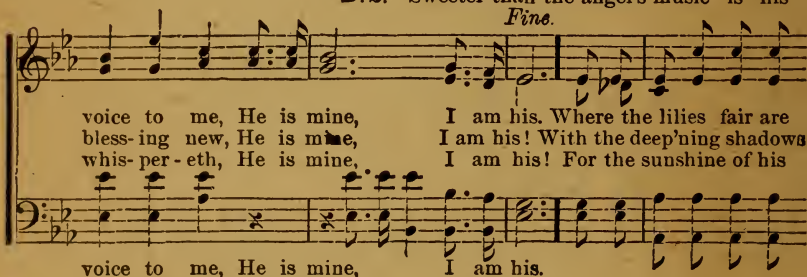
1. Blessed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is  
 2. Let me sing of all his mercies, of his kindness true, He is  
 3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is



mine, I am his; Sweeter than the angel's music is his  
 mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a  
 mine, I am his; Should I fear, when oh, so tender - ly he

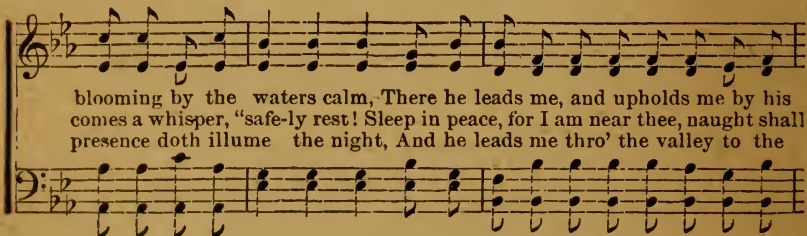
D.S.—Sweeter than the angel's music is his

Fine.

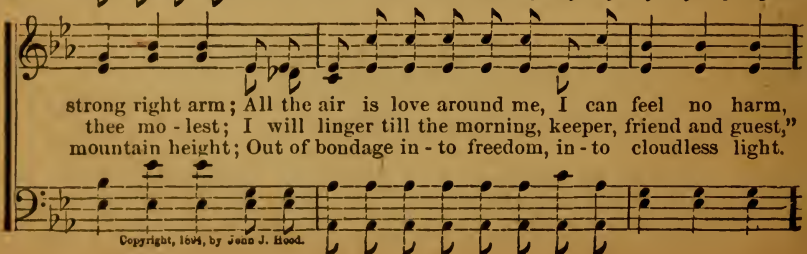


voice to me, He is mine, I am his. Where the lilies fair are  
 bless - ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'n'g shadows  
 whis - per - eth, He is mine, I am his! For the sunshine of his

voice to me, He is mine, I am his.



blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his  
 comes a whisper, "safe - ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall  
 presence doth illume the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the



strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,  
 thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend and guest,"  
 mountain height; Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light.

## CHORUS.

He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the valley,  
 He is mine, Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

He is mine! Lil - y of the val - ley, I am his!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

*D.S.*

## A STRANGER TO GOD.

A STRANGER to God, to his love and his light,  
 I wandered about in the darkness of night;  
 Sometimes I would pause in my sorrow to hear [near.  
 A cry in my heart for a Friend to come

CHO.—The name of this Friend do you know?

The name of this Friend I love so!  
 It is Jesus, blest name!  
 There's kindled a flame  
 Of love in my heart at the sound.

2 In the flattering pleasures of fashion and sin,

I thought I might hope satisfaction to win;  
 But still would the voice of my soul cry to know

A place where to bury its sorrow and woe.

3 And thus in my wildness, my hardness and fears,

I sowed in my blindness a harvest of tears;  
 Till wounded and burdened, from goodness estranged, [changed.  
 I met with a Friend who has everything

4 The face of the Friend that I met with that day [ness of May;

Bore blood marks of pain, yet the sweet-My heart from its troubles was crying for rest.

So gently I crept to his side and was blest.

5 He smiled on my sadness, and woke in my soul [control;  
 New joys and ambitions no power could I kneel at his feet, while his mercy divine  
 Proclaimed him as King and Deliverer mine.

## J-E-S-U-S.

IN this world we read a lot about theology and creed, [tional creeds,  
 Of it's and 'ites and 'isms and denomina-  
 But while our theological friends are making all this fuss,  
 We go on preaching J-e-s-u-s, Jesus.

2 The sweetest word I ever heard, the name to sinners dear,

He breaks the power of cancelled sin, and banishes all my fear,

And every doubt he washes out, he does this now for us;

This beautiful word is J-e-s-u-s, Jesus.

3 When the banker locks the vault, and turns the combination round,

He sets it to a secret word, not easy to be found; [en unto us,

The secret of the kingdom God has given—The secret word is J-e-s-u-s, Jesus.

5 In the army there's a countersign, a word you have to say,

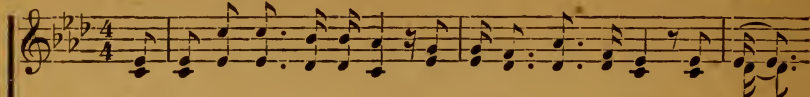
If you cannot give the sign, outside the camp you'll stay; [thus,

So if you enter heaven you have to enter—The countersign is J-e-s-u-s, Jesus.

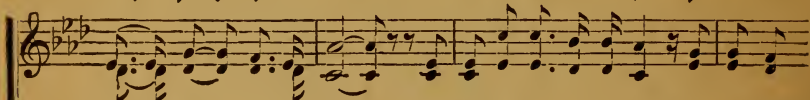
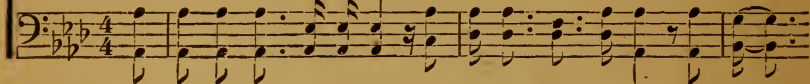
# 40 Oh, Don't you Hear Him Knocking?

Rev JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

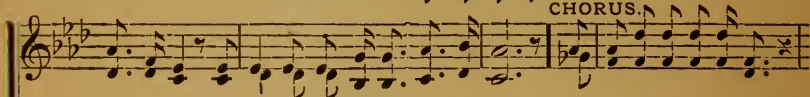
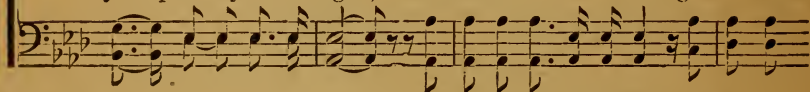
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. A hand all bruised and bleeding is knocking at the door, Is knocking
2. How often when in sickness, your body racked with pain, This knocking
3. While standing by the casket of some de- parted friend, With sorrow
4. Why will you keep him knocking? why don't you let him in? He'll fill

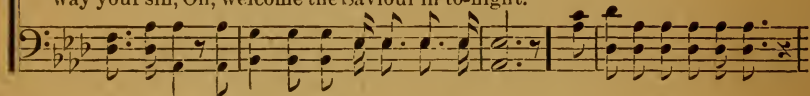


at the door of your heart; It is the hand of Jesus, who long has  
re- sounded in your ears, How often in the nighttime the knock would  
your heart was sick and sore; What caus'd that train of thinking of how your  
your pathway with delight, That hand so torn and bleeding will wash a-

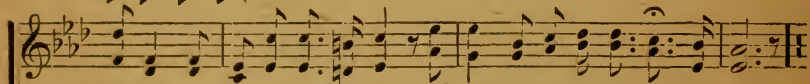
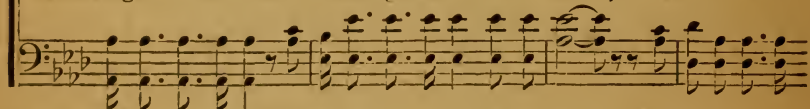


CHORUS.

knocked before, Tho' oft you have told him to depart. Oh, don't you hear him knock-  
come again, So loud it would fill your soul with fears. [ing,  
life would end? That hand was then knocking at the door.  
way your sin, Oh, welcome the Saviour in to-night.



knocking at the door? He's knocking at the door to come in; He wants an invi-



tation to cross your threshold o'er, Then Jesus will save you from all sin.

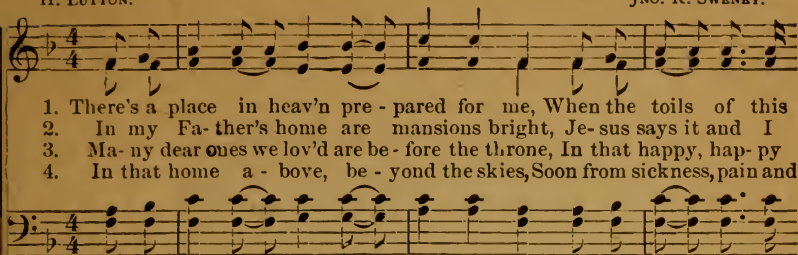


# Jesus Promised Me a Home.

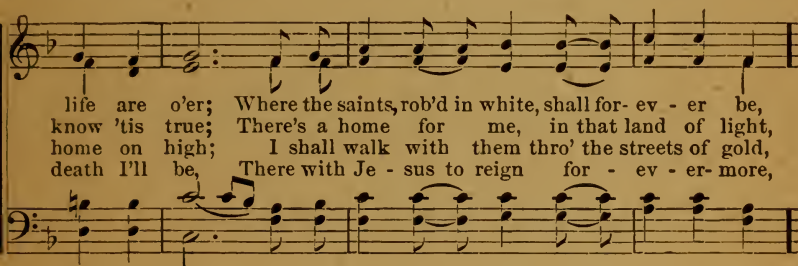
41

H. LUTTON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

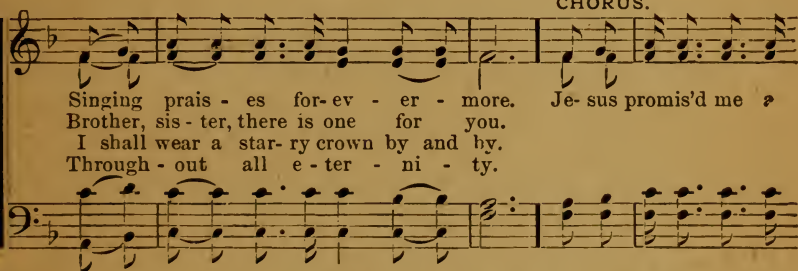


1. There's a place in heav'n pre - pared for me, When the toils of this  
 2. In my Fa - ther's home are mansions bright, Je - sus says it and I  
 3. Ma - ny dear ones we lov'd are be - fore the throne, In that happy, hap - py  
 4. In that home a - bove, be - yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and

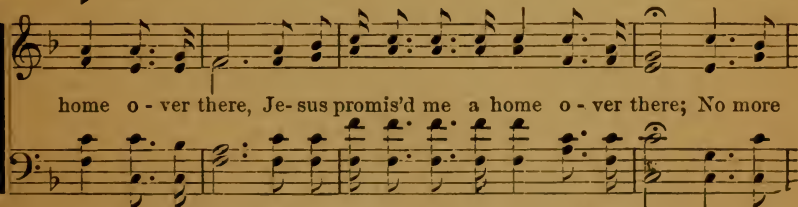


life are o'er; Where the saints, rob'd in white, shall for - ev - er be,  
 know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light,  
 home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold,  
 death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er - more,

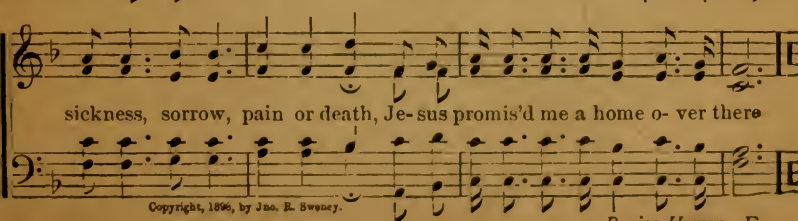
CHORUS.



Singing prais - es for - ev - er - more. Je - sus promis'd me  
 Brother, sis - ter, there is one for you.  
 I shall wear a star - ry crown by and by.  
 Through - out all e - ter - ni - ty.



home o - ver there, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there; No more

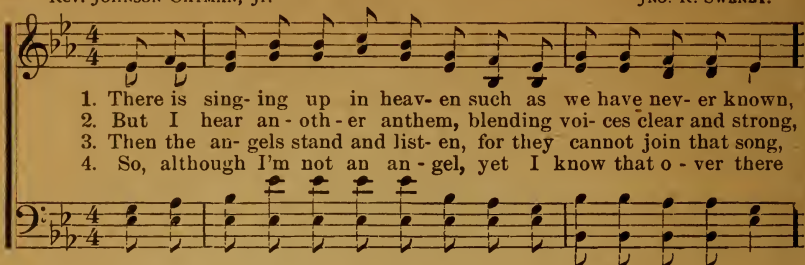


sickness, sorrow, pain or death, Je - sus promis'd me a home o - ver there

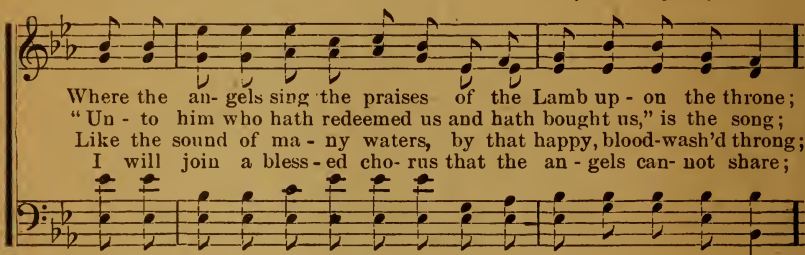
# 42 Holy, Holy, is what the Angels Sing.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

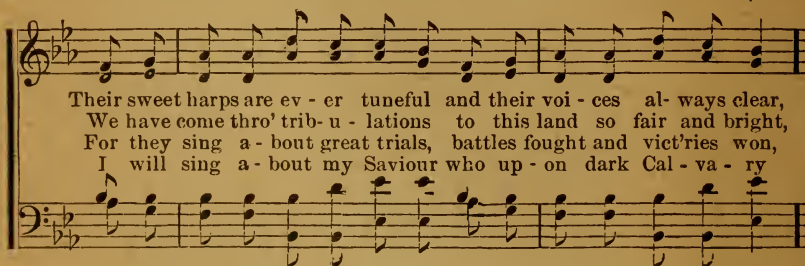
JNO. R. SWENEY.



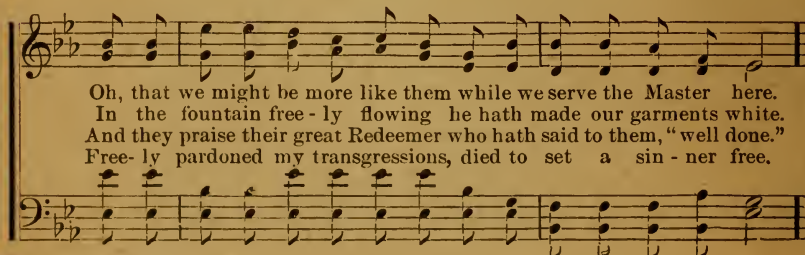
1. There is sing-ing up in heav-en such as we have nev-er known,  
 2. But I hear an-oth-er anthem, blending voi-ces clear and strong,  
 3. Then the an-gels stand and list-en, for they cannot join that song,  
 4. So, although I'm not an an-gel, yet I know that o-ver there



Where the an-gels sing the praises of the Lamb up-on the throne;  
 "Un-to him who hath redeemed us and hath bought us," is the song;  
 Like the sound of ma-n-y waters, by that happy, blood-wash'd throng;  
 I will join a bless-ed cho-rus that the an-gels can-not share;

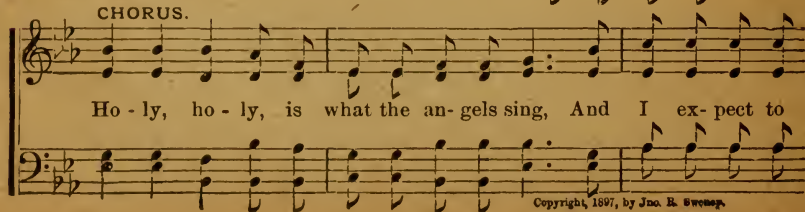


Their sweet harps are ev-er tuneful and their voi-ces al-ways clear,  
 We have come thro' trib-u-lations to this land so fair and bright,  
 For they sing a-bout great trials, battles fought and vict'ries won,  
 I will sing a-bout my Saviour who up-on dark Cal-va-ry



Oh, that we might be more like them while we serve the Master here.  
 In the fountain free-ly flow-ing he hath made our garments white.  
 And they praise their great Redeemer who hath said to them, "well done."  
 Free-ly pardoned my transgressions, died to set a sin-ner free.

## CHORUS.



Ho-ly, ho-ly, is what the an-gels sing, And I ex-pect to

help them make the courts of heaven ring; But when I sing redemption's story

they will fold their wings, For angels never felt the joys that our salvation brings.

## Old Jordan's Waves I do not Fear.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BULLER.

1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an- gel death will come to me;
2. My sins he long a - go forgave, And still I feel his pow'r to save;
3. O'er me has sorrow's storm oft swept, Safe from the danger me he's kept;
4. My lov'd ones they have cross'd the tide, But safely cross'd with Christ their guide;
5. So when at death's cold brink I stand, My hand clasp'd in the Saviour's hand;

But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.  
 And if I keep the witness clear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.  
 If still I trust this friend so dear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.  
 They sweetly whisper'd in my ear, Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.  
 I too shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

# Oh, Won't you Meet me There?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. This life will soon be ended, A few more doubts and fears, Then we will be for-  
 2. There all the walls are jasper, There all the streets are gold, But of that city's  
 3. Dear sinner, start for glory, Where all is fair and bright, Just bow before the

ev - er Beyond this vale of tears; My Saviour has gone over, A mansion  
 beauty The half has not been told; For you and me, my brother, Christ once the  
 Saviour, He'll save your soul to-night; He'll write your name in heaven, In answer

*Fine. CHORUS.*

to prepare, So when we cross the river, Oh, won't you meet me there? Oh, won't you  
 cross did bear, That we might see its glory, Oh, won't you meet me there?  
 to your pray'r, There friends for you are waiting, Oh, won't you meet me there?

*D.S.*—There's room enough in heaven, Oh, won't you meet me there?

meet me there? Oh, won't you meet me there, In that e-ter-nal Cit-y Where  
 meet me there? meet me there

*D.S.*

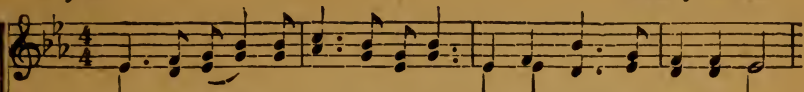
all is bright and fair? I'm going home to glory, A crown of life to wear,

# In that City.

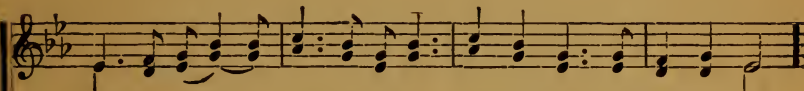
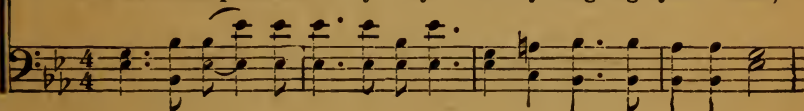
45

C. J. B.

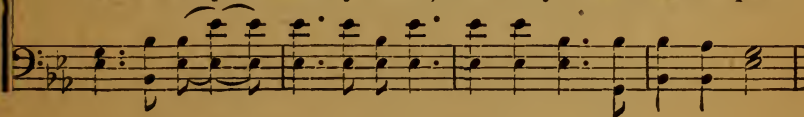
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



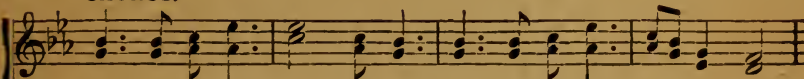
1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest city, There's a home for ev'-ry one;
2. Here we've no a-bid-ing city, Mansions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that city, Those who left me years a-go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho-ly city Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;



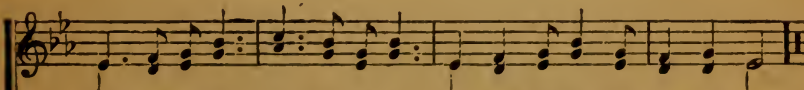
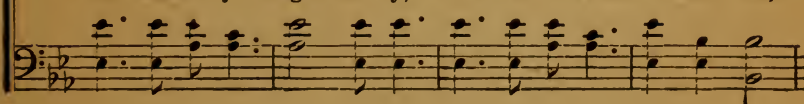
Purchas'd with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.  
But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev-er pass a-way.  
They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.  
Je-sus whispers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.



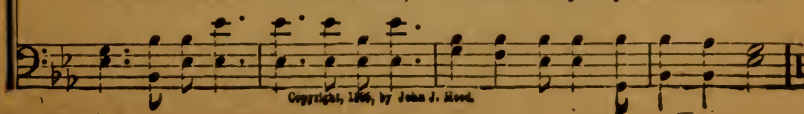
## CHORUS.



In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;



And with Jesus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.



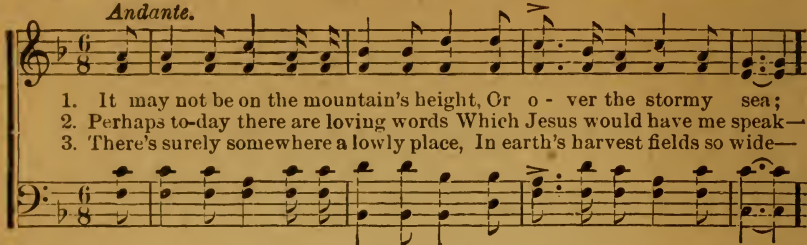
# 46 I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

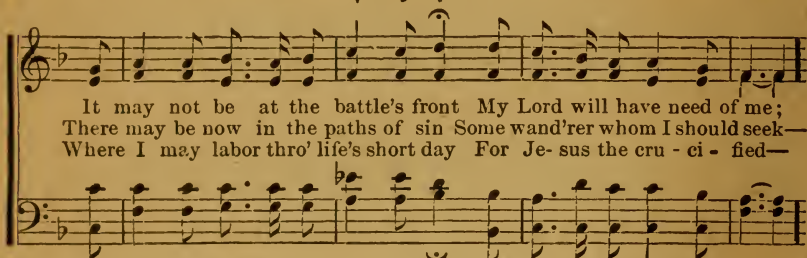
"CONSECRATION."

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

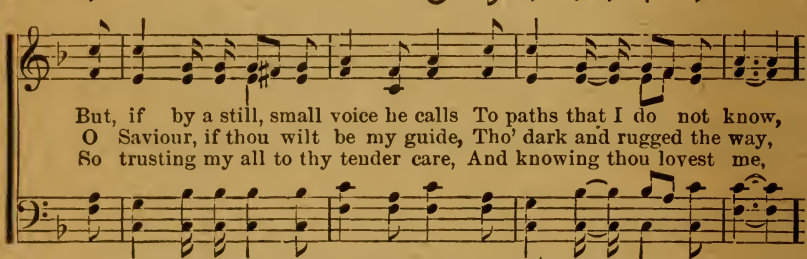
*Andante.*



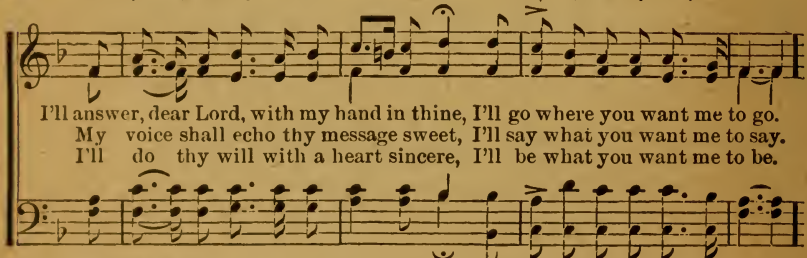
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;  
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—  
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—  
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

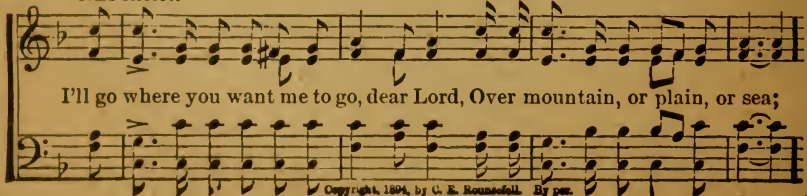


But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,  
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,  
So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,

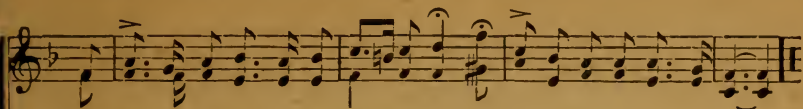


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
My voice shall echo thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

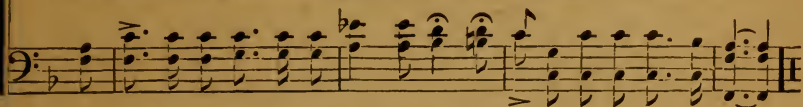
REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;



I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

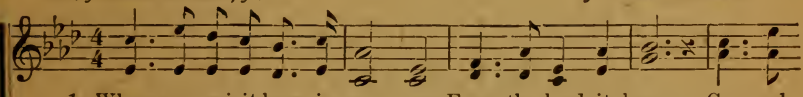


## Don't You Know He Cares?

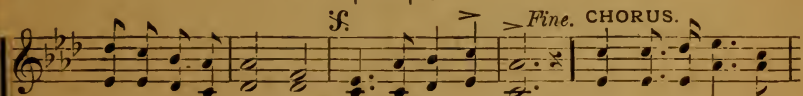
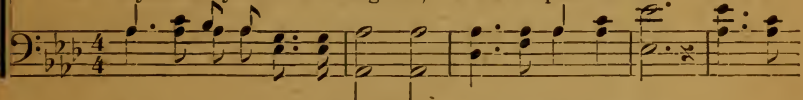
Like Elijah, when he sat under the Juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our Juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out, "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

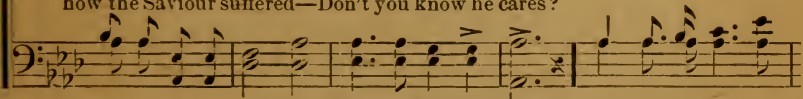
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



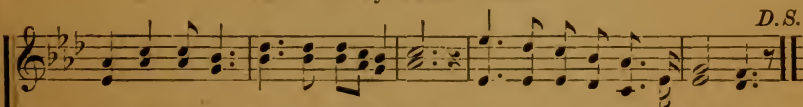
1. When your spirit bows in sor - row From the load it bears, Go and
2. Have your feet become entan - gled In the tempter's snares? There is
3. Have you been by grief o'ertak - en, Stricken un - awares? Yet you
4. Is your body fill'd with anguish, With the pain it bears? Think of



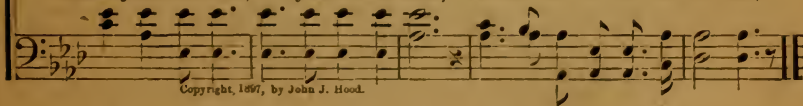
tell your heart to Jesus,—Don't you know he cares? Yes, there is One who  
One who died to save you, Don't you know he cares?  
will not be for- sak - en, Don't you know he cares?  
how the Saviour suffered—Don't you know he cares?



*D. S.*—Don't you know he cares?



shares your burdens, Ev'ry sorrow shares; Go and tell it all to Je- sus,—



Copyright, 1897, by John J. Hood.

5 Loss of friends and loss of fortune—  
Life a dark look wears;  
Yet the Saviour still is with you,  
Don't you know

6 So amid life's cares and struggles,  
Blending songs with prayers—  
Always put your trust in Jesus,  
Don't you know he cares?

## I've a Blessing every Day.

J. B. MACKAY.

W. T. DASHIELL.

1. I've a blessing ev-'ry day, Since I started on the way To the  
 2. All my ransom'd pow'rs combin'd To my Saviour I've resign'd, I am  
 3. I am climbing to the height Where the sun is always bright, I have

blessed, blessed land of light a-bove, (above,) And al-tho' my life was sweet,  
 happy, for I know that he is near; (is near;) I shall never be dismay'd,  
 left the mist-y val-ley far be-low; (below;) I believe there's light untold,

*Fine.*  
 Still I found it incomplete, Till the Saviour fill'd my soul with perfect love.  
 For my hope on him is stay'd, And his perfect love has banish'd all my fear.  
 That my eyes shall yet behold, For the way is growing brighter as I go.

*D.S.*—blessed Lord divine Fill'd my soul all thro' and thro' with perfect love.

**CHORUS.**  
 Perfect love, perfect love, 'Tis the best of all the  
 Perfect love, perfect love, perfect love,

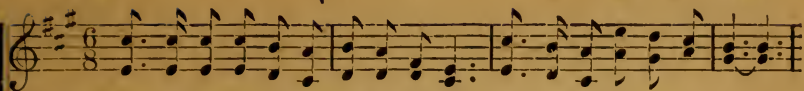
*D.S.*  
 gra-cies from a-bove; Wondrous peace and joy are mine, Since the  
 a-bove;

# Filled With the Spirit.

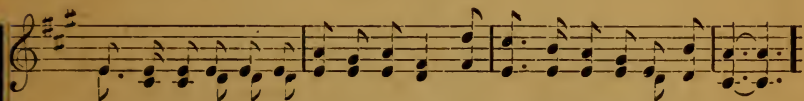
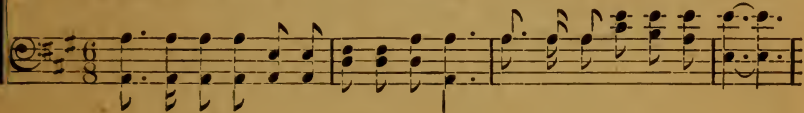
49

C. H. M.

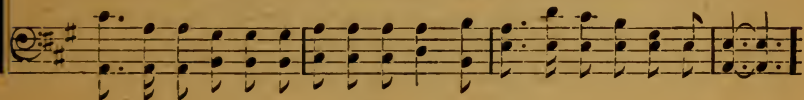
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



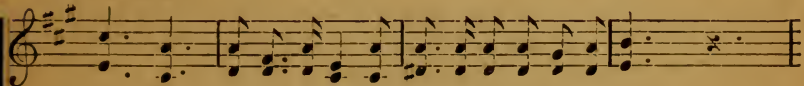
1. "Blest are the hungry, for they shall be fill'd:" Wonderful promise of love;
2. "Purge us with hyssop and we shall be clean,"  
"Wash and make whiter than snow;"
3. Wondrous salvation when cleans'd from all sin Under the life-giving tide,
4. Hung'ring and thirsting, yet wondrously sav'd, Kept by his power divine;



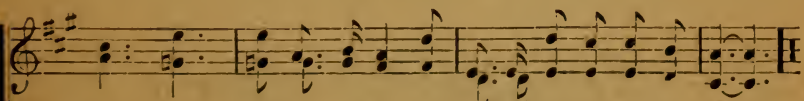
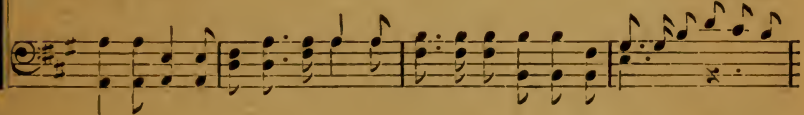
Feast on his bounty, come, whoever will, A foretaste of heaven a - bove.  
Empty completely of self and of sin, And grant us thy fulness to know.  
Christ with his fulness of blessing comes in, From hence with his own to abide.  
Fill'd to o'erflowing with riches of grace, May this, O my Saviour, be mine.



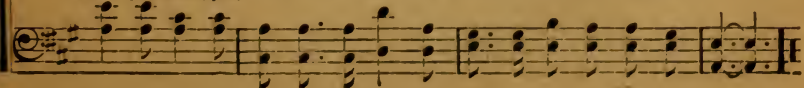
## CHORUS.



Filled, filled, filled with the Spirit, Filled with the fulness of God ;  
Filled, yes, filled, yes, halle- lujah! I'm



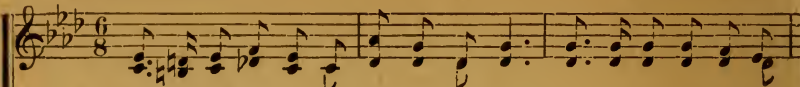
Filled, filled, filled with the Spirit, Filled with the fulness of God.  
Filled, yes, filled, yes,

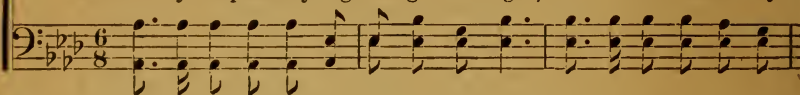


## Higher and Higher.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

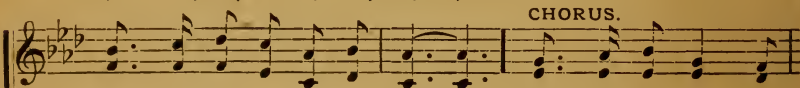
B. FRANK BUTTS.

- 
1. Since I first started for heaven and right, Since I first entered the
  2. Earth with her pleasures would oft bid me stay, Sin and temptations would
  3. Tho' I've the Witness within me, I know, Still I am longing more
  4. Each day the pathway is growing more bright, So I will follow my

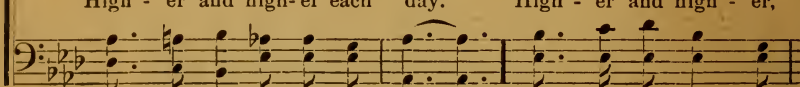


pathway of light, This is my mot- to by day and by night,  
 turn from the way, But I press forward, no time for de- lay,  
 like him to grow, Long- ing with him on the mountain to go,  
 Lord with delight, Up to that country where com- eth no night,


## CHORUS.



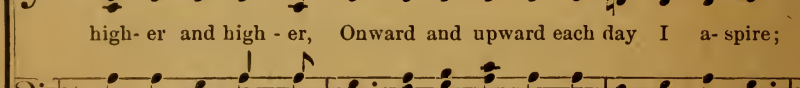
High - er and high-er each day. High - er and high - er,



high-er and high - er, Onward and upward each day I a- spire;



Following Je- sus is all my desire, Higher and higher each day.




# Waiting for the Promise.


51

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

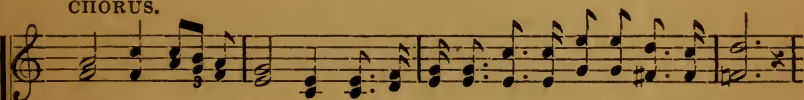


1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, and touch my tongue As with a liv-ing flame;  
 2. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, with sa-cred fire Bap-tize this heart of mine;  
 3. I want a self-re-nouncing will, That owns his sweet con-trol,  
 4. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, the blood ap-ply As thou hast ne'er be-fore,

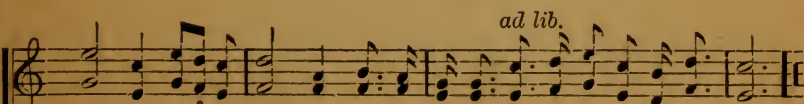


I want the sanc-ti-fy-ing grace My Sav-iour bids me claim.  
 Break ey-'ry earthly i-dol down, And all its dross re-fine.  
 And thro' my life I want his love A ceaseless flood to roll.  
 That I may shout my Saviour's praise Henceforth and ev-er-more.

## CHORUS.



Waiting, I am waiting For the promise of the pente-costal show'r;



*ad lib.*  
 Waiting, I am waiting For the promise of thy wondrous, mighty pow'r.



**53 How Firm a Foundation.**

M. E. H. 679.

How firm a foundation, ye saints  
of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excel-  
lent word!

What more can he say, than to you  
he hath said,  
To you, who for refuge to Jesus  
have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be  
not dismayed  
For I am thy God, I will still give  
thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent  
hand.

3 "When thro' the deep waters I call  
thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not over-  
flow;  
For I will be with thee thy trials  
to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest  
distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy  
pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy  
supply,  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I  
only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold  
to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my peo-  
ple shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchange-  
able love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their  
temples adorn  
Like lambs they shall still in my  
bosom be borne.

**54 Step Out on the Promise.**

Music No. 191 in "Precious Hymns."

O MOURNER in Zion, how blessed  
art thou,  
For Jesus is waiting to comfort  
thee now,  
Fear not to rely on the word of  
thy God;  
Step out on the promise,—get under  
the blood.

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty,  
rejoice!

For ye shall be filled; do you hear  
that sweet voice  
Inviting you now to the banquet of  
God?

Step out on the promise,—get under  
the blood.

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniqui-  
ty free?

O poor troubled soul! there's a  
promise for thee.

There's rest, weary one, in the  
bosom of God;

Step out on the promise,—get under  
the blood.

4 Step out on the promise, and Christ  
you shall win,

"The blood of his Son cleanseth us  
from all sin,"

It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to  
God!

I rest on the promise,—I'm under  
the blood.

5 The promise don't save, tho' the  
promise is true;

'Tis the blood we get under that  
cleanseth us through,

It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to  
God!

I rest on the promise,—I'm under  
the blood.

**55 I'm a Holiness Christian.**

Tune, "Jesus Listening All the Day."

I'm a Holiness Christian,  
From the wilderness I came,  
I'm saved and washed in Jesus' blood,  
Hallelujah to His name.

CHO.—I'm a Holiness Christian,  
I'm so happy all the time,  
I sing, I shout, I leap for joy,  
And oh, it is sublime.

I came down to Jordan's river,  
When the current was so strong,  
I plunged right in and came straight  
through  
With a hallelujah song.

I came then to old Jericho,  
Oh! the walls were very high,  
I gave a shout, and down they came,  
And the Canaanites did fly.

I am dwelling now in Beulah,  
Where the sun shines all the time;  
I live on figs and grapes and corn,  
In a hallelujah clime.

56

## Treasures of Heaven.

Tune in "Songs of Redeeming Love,"  
p. 49.

THERE'S a crown in heaven for the  
striving soul,  
Which the blessed Jesus himself  
will place  
On the head of each who shall  
faithful prove,  
Even unto death, in the heavenly  
race.

CHO.—Oh, may that crown in heaven  
be mine,  
And I among the angels shine;  
Be thou, O Lord! my daily guide,  
Let me ever in thy love abide.

2 There's a joy in heaven for the  
mourning soul,  
Though the tears may fall all the  
earthly night;  
Yet the clouds of sadness will break  
away,  
And rejoicing come with the  
morning light.

CHO.—Oh, may that joy, etc.

3 There's a home in heaven for the  
faithful soul,  
In the many mansions prepared  
above,  
Where the glorified shall forever  
sing,  
Of a Saviour's free and unbound-  
ed love.

CHO.—Oh, may that home, etc.  
T. C. O'KANE.

57

## Higher Than I.

OH, sometimes the shadows are  
deep,  
And rough seems the path to the  
goal,

And sorrows, how often they sweep,  
Like tempests, down over the soul.  
CHO.—||: Oh, then to the Rock let me  
fly,

To the Rock that is higher than I: ||

2 Oh, sometimes, how long seems the  
day,

And sometimes how weary my  
feet;

But toiling in life's dusty way,  
The Rock's blessed shadow how  
sweet!

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,  
Or blessings or sorrows prevail;  
Or climbing the mountain-way  
steep,  
Or walking the shadowy vale.

E. JOHNSON.

58

## The Child of a King.

Music No. 87, "Hymn Songs."

MY Father is rich in houses and  
lands,  
He holdeth the wealth of the world  
in his hands!  
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver  
and gold,  
His coffers are full, he has riches  
untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King, the  
child of a King,  
With Jesus my Saviour, I'm the  
child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, the "Saviour  
of men!"  
Once wandered o'er earth as the  
poorest of them;  
But now he is reigning, forever on  
high,  
And will give me a home in the  
sweet by and by!

3 I once was an out-cast stranger on  
earth,  
A sinner by choice, an alien by  
birth!  
But I've been adopted, my name's  
written down;  
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a  
crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I  
care?  
They're building a palace for me  
over there!  
Though exiled from home, yet still  
I may sing:  
All glory to God, I'm the child of  
a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

## 59 The Land that has no Storm.

SINNER, whither art thou going,  
Heedless of the clouds that form,  
Satan tries his best to keep you  
From the land that has no storm.

CHO.—I'm going, yes, I'm going  
To the land that has no storm.

2 Sinner, wake, and look around thee,  
Light is breaking on the morn;  
See the millions, hear them singing,  
In the land that has no storm.

3 Sinner, earth is full of sorrow.  
Full of trial and of scorn;  
Won't you come, and be with Jesus  
In the land that hath no storm?

30

**The Lion of Judah.**

From "The Quiver." Tune, No. 142.

'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died  
on the tree,

To open a fountain for sinners like  
me;

His blood is the fountain that par-  
don bestows,

And cleanses the foulest wherever  
it flows.

CHO.—For the Lion of Judah shall  
break every chain,

And give us the victory again and  
again.

2 And when I was willing with all  
things to part,

He gave me my bounty, his love in  
my heart;

So now I am joined with the con-  
quering band,

Who are marching to glory at  
Jesus' command.

3 And when the last trumpet of judg-  
ment shall sound,

And wake all the nations that sleep  
in the ground,

Then, when heav'n and earth shall  
be melting away,

I'll sing of the blood of the cross in  
that day.

61

**Are You Ready?**

Music, No. 26 in "Precious Hymns."

SHOULD the summons, quickly fly-  
ing,

On the slumb'ring nations fall,—  
"Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com-  
eth,"

Would the sound your soul appal?  
Are you ready? are you ready?

Should you hear the midnight call?

2 What if now the startling mandate  
Should the sleeping virgins hear,—

Are your lamps all trimmed and  
burning,

Should the Bridegroom now ap-  
pear?

Are you ready? are you ready?  
Now to see your Lord appear?

3 Is there oil in all your vessels?  
Are your garments pure and  
white?

Are they washed in the cleansing  
fountain,—

Fit to stand in Jesus' sight?  
Are you ready? are you ready?

Are your lamps all clear and  
bright?

62

**Come, Ye Sinners.**

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love and power.

CHO.—Don't you hear the angels sing-  
ing?

Hallelujah, hallelujah;

Don't you hear the angels singing?  
Glory be to God on high!

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;

True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel the need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;

If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.

63

**A Sinner Like Me.**

Music No. 111 in "Precious Hymns."

I WAS once far away from the  
Saviour,

And as vile as a sinner could be,

I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,  
Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,  
Not a ray of light could I see,

And the thought filled my heart  
with sadness,

There's no hope for a sinner like  
me.

3 And then, in that dark, lonely hour,  
A voice sweetly whispered to me,

Saying, Christ, the Redeemer, hath  
power

To save a poor sinner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour  
That was speaking so kindly to  
me;

I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,  
Thou canst save a poor sinner like  
me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,  
And oh, what a joy came to me;

My heart was filled with his praises  
For saving a sinner like me.

6 And when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Saviour shall see,

I'll praise him forever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

64

**Wondrous Love.**

Tune in "Goodly Pearls," p. 59.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost,  
And ruined by the fall;  
Salvation full, at highest cost,  
He offers free to all.

CHO.—Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!

The love of God to me;  
It brought my Saviour from above,  
To die on Calvary.

2 E'n now by faith I claim him mine,  
The risen Son of God;  
Redemption by his death I find,  
And cleansing through his blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,  
And to his saints makes known  
The blessed rest from inbred sin,  
Through faith in Christ alone.

65

**Jesus Saves Me.**

PRECIOUS Saviour, thou hast saved me:

Thine and only thine I am;  
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

CHO.—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb!  
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,  
Glory, glory, to the Lamb!

2 Long my yearning heart was trying  
To enjoy this perfect rest;  
But I gave all trying over;  
Simply trusting, I was blest.

3 Trusting, trusting every moment;  
Feeling now the blood applied;  
Lying at the cleansing fountain;  
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

4 Consecrated to thy service,  
I will live and die to thee;  
I will witness to thy glory  
Of salvation full and free.

LOUISE M. ROUSE.

66

**Yes, I Will Rejoice.**

From "Songs of Redeeming Love."  
Tune, p. 30.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The promise assures us "The Lord will provide."

CHO.—||:Yes, I will rejoice, rejoice the Lord:||

Will joy in the God of my salvation

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed,  
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;  
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,  
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,  
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

4 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;  
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

67

**Lights Along the Shore.**

I'm a pilgrim and a stranger passing over,  
The road may be rough, but 'tis clear,  
And a starry crown awaits me o'er the river,  
And Jesus bids me welcome there.

CHO.—There are lights along the shore that never grow dim,  
That never, never grow dim;  
These souls are all aflame  
With the love of Jesus' name,  
They guide us, yes, they guide us unto him.

2 Sometimes I meet with trials on my journey,  
Temptation and sorrow by the way;  
But Jesus speaks, and says, "I'm ever near thee,  
To guide to realms of endless day."

3 Friends of Jesus! may your lights be trimmed and burning,  
And shining along the way of love;  
Soon you'll gain the heights of glory, and be singing  
The happy song of saints above.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

38

## There's a Shout.

Music No. 66 in "Precious Hymns."

THERE'S a shout in the camp, for  
the Lord is here,  
Hallelujah! praise his name;  
To the feast of his love we again  
draw near,  
Praise, oh, praise his name.

CHO.—Room for the millions! room  
for all!

Hallelujah! praise his name;  
Come to the banquet, great and  
small,  
Praise, oh, praise his name.

2 There's a shout in the camp, like  
the shout of old,  
Hallelujah, praise his name;  
For the cloud of his glory we now  
behold,  
Praise, oh, praise his name.

3 There's a shout in the ranks of the  
King of kings,  
Hallelujah, praise his name;  
While we drink at the Rock from  
the living springs,  
Praise, oh, praise his name.

## 69 Standing on the Promises.

Music No. 120 in "Precious Hymns."

STANDING on the promises of Christ  
my King,  
Through eternal ages let his praises  
ring;  
Glory in the Highest, I will shout  
and sing,  
Standing on the promises of God.

CHO.—Standing, standing,  
Standing on the promises of God,  
my Saviour;  
Standing, standing,  
I'm standing on the promises of  
God.

2 Standing on the promises that can-  
not fail,  
When the howling storms of doubt  
and fear assail,  
By the living Word of God I shall  
prevail,  
Standing on the promises of God.

3 Standing on the promises, I now can  
see  
Perfect, present cleansing in the  
blood for me;  
Standing in the liberty, where  
Christ makes free,  
Standing on the promises of God.

70

## Go, Seek Until Ye Find.

Music No. 237 in "The Temple Trio."

ALAS! alas! a wayward sheep  
Had wandered from the fold,  
Far o'er the mountains rough and  
steep,  
Where howling tempests rolled;  
The Shepherd, with a burdened  
mind,  
Went forth the missing one to find,  
The missing one, far, far away,  
The missing one to find.

CHO.—Go, seek until ye find,  
Go, seek until ye find;  
The missing one must not be lost—  
Go, seek until ye find.

2 He sought, with many a footstep  
sore,  
From early morn till night;  
Through rocky wastes, where tor-  
rents roar,—  
All pathways but the right;  
Then cried, with sad and burdened  
mind,  
The missing I have failed to find,  
The missing one, far, far away,  
Alas! I've failed to find.

71

## Coming By and By.

Tune in "The Wells of Salvation," p. 168.

A BETTER day is coming,  
A morning bright and fair;  
If we live right, both day and night,  
We'll have a home up there;  
God's only Son will listen  
To every creature's sigh,  
Have mercy here and everywhere,  
And take us by and by.

CHO.—Coming by and by, coming by  
and by,  
A better day is coming, the time is  
drawing nigh,  
Coming by and by, coming by and  
by,  
Our days are few, we'll soon pass  
through,  
'Tis coming by and by.

2 A better day is coming,  
We cannot say how long,  
'Twill glory be when we shall see  
The host around the throne,  
Then free from want and sorrow,  
Our tears will all be dry,  
We'll sing and shine, 'mid light  
divine,  
In glory by and by.

## 72 All Hail the Power.

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 O that with yonder sacred throng  
 We at his feet may fall!  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

## 73 Memories of Galilee.

Music No. 75 in "The Quartet."

- EACH cooing dove and sighing  
 bough,  
 That makes the eve so blest to me,  
 Has something far diviner now,  
 It bears me back to Galilee.
- CHO.—O Galilee! sweet Galilee!  
 Where Jesus loved so much to be;  
 O Galilee! blue Galilee!  
 Come, sing thy song again to me!
- 2 Each flowery glen and mossy dell,  
 Where happy birds in song agree,  
 Through sunny morn the praises tell  
 Of sights and sounds in Galilee.
- 3 And when I read the thrilling lore  
 Of him who walked upon the sea,  
 I long, oh, how I long once more  
 To follow him in Galilee.

## 74 Who is He?

- WHO is he in yonder stall,  
 At whose feet the shepherds fall?
- CHO.—'Tis the Lord, oh, wondrous  
 story,  
 'Tis the Lord, the King of glory,  
 At whose feet the shepherds fall,  
 Crown him, crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Who is he that stands and weeps  
 At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
- 3 Who is he that on the cross  
 Bled for me and bled for all?
- 4 Who is he that from the grave  
 Comes to heal, and help, and save?

## 75 Where is your Soul?

- Tune, "Where is My Wandering Boy  
 To-night?"
- WHERE is your soul, poor sinner,  
 now,  
 Your soul for which Jesus died,  
 Your soul that is all with guilt  
 defiled,  
 Your soul that has God defied?
- CHO.—||: Oh, come to the Saviour  
 now! :||  
 With outstretched hands,  
 See the Saviour, he stands;  
 Oh, come to the Saviour now.
- 2 Come to the Saviour while it is day,  
 The night it comes on apace,  
 To-day you may come; oh, come  
 just now,  
 For now is the day of grace.
- 3 Come to the Saviour, the blood is  
 shed;  
 He finished the work for thee,  
 Come now, and just cast your soul  
 on him,  
 Who died on the cursed tree.
- 4 Where are you wandering to, poor  
 soul?  
 To darkness and black despair,  
 Where sinners forever dwell,  
 Be sure there's no mercy there.

## 76 Do you Triumph?

- Do you triumph, oh my brother,  
 Over all this world of sin?  
 In each storm of tribulation  
 Does your Jesus reign within?
- CHO.—I am reigning, sweetly reigning,  
 Far above this world of strife;  
 In my blessed, loving Saviour,  
 I am reigning in this life.
- 2 One we hail as King Immortal,  
 He did earth and hell subdue;  
 And bequeathing us his glory,  
 We are kings anointed too.
- 3 Shall we, then, by sin be humbled?  
 Must we yield to any foe?  
 No, by heaven's "gift" we're reign-  
 Over all this world below. [ing]
- 4 Oh, what grace and high promotion,  
 That in Jesus I should be  
 Raised from sin to royal honor,  
 Even reigning, Lord, with thee.
- 5 All this life is blissful sunshine,  
 Earth is subject at our feet;  
 Heaven pours its richest blessings  
 Round our throne of love complete.

**7 Take Me as I Am.**  
 Music No. 75 in "Precious Hymns."  
 JUST as I am, without one plea,  
 But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bid'st me come to  
 thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

HO.—Take me as I am, take me as  
 I am.  
 Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,  
 And take me as I am.

Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse  
 each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings within, and fears without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-  
 lieve:  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

**8 Is My Name Written There?**  
 Music No. 18 in "Precious Hymns."

LORD, I care not for riches,  
 Neither silver nor gold;  
 I would make sure of heaven,  
 I would enter the fold:  
 In the book of thy kingdom,  
 With its pages so fair,  
 Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,  
 Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,  
 On the page white and fair?  
 In the book of thy kingdom,  
 Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,  
 Like the sands of the sea;  
 But thy blood, O my Saviour,  
 Is sufficient for me;  
 For thy promise is written  
 In bright letters that glow,  
 "Though your sins be as scarlet,  
 I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,  
 With its mansions of light,  
 With its glorified beings,  
 In pure garments of white;  
 Where no evil thing cometh  
 To despoil what is fair,  
 Where the angels are watching,—  
 Is my name written there?

M. A. K.

**79 Glory! Glory!**  
 Tune, "Around the Throne of God."  
 How pleasant thus to sing and  
 praise,  
 In fellowship of love;  
 Then let us walk in wisdom's ways,  
 And reign with him above.

CHO.—Singing glory! glory!  
 Glory be to God on High!

2 How sweet 'twill be when we are  
 there,  
 Away from grief and pain  
 Where all is peace, and joy, and  
 love,  
 To never part again.

3 How pleasant 'tis to walk the ways  
 The truth and life proclaim;  
 O hear the sound these voices  
 raise,—  
 Salvation through his name!

4 O haste away, the time is nigh,  
 Have all your sins forgiven,  
 The angel's coming from the sky  
 To take us home to heav'n.

**80 My Home is There.**  
 ABOVE the waves of earthly strife,  
 Above the ills and cares of life,  
 Where all is peaceful, bright and  
 fair,  
 My home is there, my home is there.

CHO.—My beautiful home, my beauti-  
 ful home  
 In the land where the glorified ever  
 shall roam,  
 Where angels bright wear crowns  
 of light,  
 My home is there, my home is there.

2 Where living fountains sweetly  
 flow,  
 Where buds and flowers immortal  
 grow,  
 Where trees their fruits celestial  
 bear,  
 My home is there, my home is there.

3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,  
 Away from worldly loss and gain,  
 From all temptation, tears and  
 care,  
 My home is there, my home is there.

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gate,  
 Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,  
 Where all is peaceful, bright and  
 fair,  
 My home is there, my home is there.

81 Gathering Home.

Music No. 162 in "Precious Hymns."

UP to the bountiful giver of life,—  
Gathering home! gathering home!  
Up to the dwelling where cometh no  
strife,  
The dear ones are gathering home.

CHO.—Gathering home! gathering  
home!  
Never to sorrow more, never to  
roam;  
Gathering home! gathering home!  
God's children are gathering home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no  
night,—  
Gathering home! gathering home!  
Up where the Saviour's own face is  
the light,  
The dear ones are gathering home.

3 Up to the beautiful mansions  
above,—  
Gathering home! gathering home!  
Safe in the arms of his infinite love,  
The dear ones are gathering home.  
MARIANA B. SLADE.

82 Home of the Soul.

I WILL sing you a song of a beauti-  
ful land,  
The far-away home of the soul,  
Where no storms ever beat on the  
glittering strand  
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh, that home of the soul, in my  
visions and dreams  
Its bright jasper walls I can see;  
Till I fancy but thinly the veil in-  
tervenes  
Between that fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you  
and for me,  
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;  
The King of all kingdoms forever  
is he,  
And he holdeth our crowns in his  
hands.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that  
beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain,  
With songs on our lips, and with  
harps in our hands,  
To meet one another again!

83 The Bleeding Lamb.

From "The Quiver." Tune, p. 108.

My Saviour suffered on the tree,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb; [me,  
Oh, come and view the Lord with  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

CHO.—The Lamb! the Lamb! the  
bleeding Lamb!  
I love the sound of Jesus' name,  
It sets my spirit all aflame,  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

2 He bore my sins, and curse, and  
shame,  
And I am saved through Jesus'  
name,

3 I know my sins are all forgiven,  
And I am on my way to heaven.

4 And when the storms of life are  
I'll sing upon a happier shore.  
o'er.

5 And this my ceaseless song shall  
be,—  
That Jesus tasted death for me.

84 The New Song.

Music No. 8 in "Precious Hymns."

THERE are songs of joy that I loved  
to sing,  
When my heart was as blithe as a  
bird in spring!  
But the song I have learned is so  
full of cheer  
That the dawn shines out in the  
darkness drear.

CHO.—O the new, new song! O the  
new, new song!  
I can sing it now with the ransomed  
throng:  
Power and dominion to him that  
shall reign,  
Glory and praise to the Lamb that  
was slain.

2 There are strains of home that are  
dear as life,  
And I list to them oft 'mid the din  
of strife;  
But I know of a home that is won-  
drous fair,  
And I sing the psalm they are sing-  
ing there.

FLORA L. BEST.

85 The Blood's Applied.

Music No. 52 in "Songs of Perfect Love."

THE blood's applied! my soul is free,  
I'm saved, without, within;  
The blood of Jesus cleanseth me  
From every trace of sin.

CHO.—The blood's applied, I'm justified,  
It pardons every sin;  
The blood's applied, I'm sanctified,  
It makes me pure within.

2 I've bid farewell to every fear,  
By faith I claim the prize;  
Now I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies.

3 Temptations come, and trials, too;  
While hellish darts are hurled;  
But Jesus saves me through and through,  
In spite of all the world.

4 Let cares and storms and trials fall  
About me thick and fast,  
My Jesus, he is Lord of all,  
Will bring me home at last.

5 Then will my happy, happy soul  
Sing of his love and rest,  
While shouts of victory shall roll  
From every conquering breast.

86 Sunshine in the Soul.

Music No. 146 in "Precious Hymns."

THERE'S sunshine in my soul to-day,  
More glorious and bright  
Than glows in any earthly sky,  
For Jesus is my light.

REF.—Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sunshine,  
When the peaceful, happy moments roll;  
When Jesus shows his smiling face  
There is sunshine in the soul.

2 There's music in my soul to-day,  
A carol to my King,  
And Jesus, listening, can hear  
The songs I cannot sing.

3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,  
For when the Lord is near, [day,  
The dove of peace sings in my heart,  
The flowers of grace appear.

4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,  
And hope, and praise, and love,  
For blessing which he gives me now,  
For joys "laid up" above.

87 Entire Consecration.

Music No. 94 in "Precious Hymns"

TAKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;  
Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of thy love.

2 Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for thee;  
Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King.

3 Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages for thee;  
Take my silver and my gold,—  
Not a mite would I withhold.

4 Take my moments, and my days,  
Let them flow in endless praise;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—  
It shall be thy royal throne.

88 Hallelujah, Amen!

ONE day, as I was walking  
Along the lonesome road,  
My heart was filled with rapture,—  
I heard the voice of God.

CHO.—Hallelujah, amen! hallelujah,  
amen!  
Hallelujah, amen! amen! amen!

2 He chose me for his watchman  
To stand on Zion's wall,  
Saying, Go and preach my Gospel,  
Glad tidings unto all.

3 The cross is great and heavy,  
And I am in my youth;  
I'm 'fraid I am not able  
To preach the Word of Truth.

4 Says Jesus, "Lo! I'm with you,"  
In every trying hour;  
And though you are deficient,  
I am the God of power.

5 I took the Gospel trumpet,  
And I began to blow;  
And if my Lord will help me,  
I'll preach where'er I go.

6 And when my mission's ended,  
I'll blow the trump no more;  
I'll join my fellow-watchmen  
On Canaan's happy shore.

89 Jesus is Good to Me.

Music No. 107 in "Precious Hymns."

I LOVE my Saviour, his heart is  
good,  
He has loved me o'er and o'er;  
He sought me when wan'dring, I'm  
saved by his blood,  
And I love him more and more.

CHO.—||:Jesus is good to me;||  
So good! so good!  
Jesus is good to my soul.

2 He calls, I rise, he maketh me  
whole,—  
How fond his tender embrace!  
He cleanses, keeps, and blesses my  
soul,—  
My day the smile of his face.

3 I want to love him with all my heart,  
Though all its powers are small;  
I will not keep him from any part,  
For he is worthy of all.

4 He's good to me in my sorrow's  
night,  
He's good in the tempest's roll;  
He bringeth from darkness into  
light,—  
With joy he filleth my soul.

90 We Are More Than Conquerors.

Music No. 191 in "The Quartet."

WHAT shall separate us  
From the love that bought us?  
Shall the pangs of anguish  
Which the cross has wrought us?  
Doubtings and distresses,  
Fiery trials prove us;  
Yet am I persuaded  
None of these shall move us.

CHO.—We are more than conquerors,  
More, yea, more;||  
||:We are more than conquerors;||  
Through him that loved us.

2 Things to come or present,  
Whatsoever betide us,—  
Life nor death shall ever  
From our Lord divide us.  
Angels, powers, dominions,  
These shall fall before us;  
Clothed in his salvation,  
With his banner o'er us.

91 None Like Jesus.

Music No. 6 in "Glad Hallelujah."

WE love to tell of him who came  
Our gentle guide to be  
Though earthly friends around us  
There's none so dear as he. [clinging]

CHO.—None like Jesus, Hallelujah,  
None so dear as he;  
Though earthly friends around us  
clinging,  
There's none so dear as he.

2 We love to seek his promised grace,  
And ask his tender care;  
We love to hear his precious name,  
And breathe that name in prayer.

3 We love to know that day by day  
We do not walk alone,  
If one in him our faith can feel  
His hand within our own.

4 O, may he lead us safely on  
Till days and years are past;  
Then take our happy souls on high  
To dwell with him at last.

92 I'm Happy, so Happy.

Music No. 30 in "Sunlit Songs."

I'm happy, so happy! no words can  
express  
The joy and the comfort I see,  
For Jesus hath purchased, thro' in-  
finite grace,  
A perfect salvation for me.

CHO.—Saved, saved, oh, glory to God!  
I feel the assurance divine;  
Saved, saved, oh, glory to God!  
His spirit bears witness with  
mine.

2 I'm happy, so happy! while trusting  
in him,  
Whose presence o'ershadows my  
way;  
Who leadeth my soul by the river  
of peace,  
And giveth me strength as my  
day.

3 My love may be tested, my faith  
may be tried  
The depth of its fervor to prove,  
But welcome each trial, my Saviour  
designs  
The gold from the dross to re-  
move.

## 93 The Blood Washed Pilgrim.

Music No. 152 in "Songs of Perfect Love."

I SAW a blood-washed pilgrim,  
A sinner saved by grace,  
Upon the King's great highway,  
With peaceful, shining face.  
Temptations sore beset him;  
But nothing could affright;  
He said, "The yoke is easy,  
The burden, it is light."

CHO.—Oh, palms of victory, crowns  
of glory.

Palms of victory I shall wear.

2 His helmet was salvation,  
A simple faith his shield,  
And righteousness his breast-plate;  
The Spirit's sword he'd wield.  
All fiery darts arrested  
And quenched their blazing flight;  
He cried, "The yoke is easy,  
The burden, it is light."

3 I saw him in the furnace,  
He doubted not, nor feared,  
And in the flames beside him  
The Son of God appeared.  
Though seven times 'twas heated  
With all the tempter's might,  
He said "The yoke is easy,  
The burden, it is light."

4 'Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,  
In prison, at the stake,  
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,  
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.  
That God should count him worthy,  
Was such supreme delight,  
He cried, "The yoke is easy,  
The burden is so light."

5 I saw him overcoming  
Through all the swelling strife,  
Until he crossed the threshold  
Of God's Eternal Life.  
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,  
The Name, the Stone so White,  
Were his, who found, in Jesus,  
The yoke and burden light.

## 94 Keep Close to Jesus.

Music No. 271 in "Unfading Treasures."

WHEN you start for the land of  
heavenly rest.

Keep close to Jesus all the way;  
For he is the Guide, and he knows  
the way best.

Keep close to Jesus all the way.

CHO.—||: Keep close to Jesus. :||  
Keep close to Jesus all the way;

By day or by night, never turn from  
the right,  
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

2 Never mind the storms or trials as  
you go,  
Keep close to Jesus all the way;  
'Tis a comfort and joy his favor to  
know;  
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

3 To be safe from the darts of the  
evil one,  
Keep close to Jesus all the way;  
Take the shield of faith till the vic-  
tory is won;  
Keep close to Jesus all the way.

4 We shall reach our home in heaven  
by and bye;  
Keep close to Jesus all the way;  
Where to those we love we'll never  
say good-bye.  
Keep close to Jesus all the way.  
JOHN LANE.

## 95 Jesus Comes.

Music No. 95 in "The Quartet."

WATCH, ye saints, with eyelids  
waking,  
Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are  
shaking,  
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and  
burning,  
Ready for your Lord's returning.

CHO.—Lo! he comes, lo! Jesus comes;  
Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious!  
Jesus comes to reign victorious,  
Lo! he comes, yes, Jesus comes.

2 Lo! the promise of your Saviour,  
Pardoned sin and purchased favor,  
Blood-washed robes and crowns of  
glory;  
Haste to tell redemption's story.

3 Kingdoms at their base are crum-  
bling,  
Hark, his chariot wheels are rum-  
bling,  
Tell, oh, tell of grace abounding.  
Whilst the seventh trump is sound-  
ing.

4 Nations wane, though proud and  
stately,  
Christ his kingdom hasteneth  
greatly,  
Earth her latest panx is summing,  
Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com-  
ing.

97 **Shall I Turn Back?** (*Copyright.*)

1 LOST, lost on the mountains of sin  
and despair,  
Till Jesus in love sought and res-  
cued me there,  
He saved me from wand'ring, he  
gave me release,  
And led me to pathways of blessing  
and peace.

CHO.—And shall I turn back into the  
world?

Oh, no! not I! not I!

And shall I turn back into the  
world?

No, no, not I!

2 My days, swiftly passing, have  
brought from above  
So many bright tokens of mercy  
and love;  
“More grace” he has given, and  
burdens removed,  
Yes, over and over, his goodness  
I’ve proved.

3 How well I remember, in sorrow’s  
dark night,  
The lamp of his word shed its beau-  
tiful light,  
And sweet was the voice of the  
Comforter then,  
Awaking new praises again and  
again.

4 Before me the tow’rs of Jerusalem  
rise,  
Each day I am nearing my home in  
the skies;  
My Savior a mansion of joy will  
prepare,  
And loved ones are waiting to wel-  
come me there.

—E. E. Hewitt.

98 **Fill Me Now.** (*Copyright.*)

HOVER o’er me, Holy Spirit;  
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;  
Fill me with thy hallow’d presence,  
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHO.—Fill me now, fill me now,  
Jesus, come, and fill me now;  
Fill me with thy hallow’d presence,—  
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,  
Though I cannot tell thee how;  
But I need thee, greatly need thee,  
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;  
At thy sacred feet I bow;  
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,  
Fill with power, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save  
me;

Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!  
Thou art comforting and saving,  
Thou art sweetly filling now.

—Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D.

99 **Beulah Land.** (*Copyright.*)

I’VE reached the land of corn and wine,  
And all its riches freely mine;  
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,  
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah  
Land,

As on thy highest mount I stand,  
I look away across the sea,  
Where mansions are prepared for me,  
And view the shining glory shore,—  
My heaven, my home for evermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,  
And sweet communion here have we;  
He gently leads me by his hand,  
For this is heaven’s border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze  
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,  
And flowers, that never-fading grow  
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me  
Sweet sounds of heaven’s melody,  
As angels with the white-robed throng  
Join in the sweet redemption song.

—Edgar Page.

100 **More About Jesus.** (*Copyright.*)

MORE about Jesus would I know,  
More of his grace to others show;  
More of his saving fullness see,  
More of his love who died for me.

CHO.—More, more about Jesus,  
More, more about Jesus;  
More of his saving fullness see,  
More of his love who died for me

2 More about Jesus let me learn,  
More of his holy will discern;  
Spirit of God, my teacher be,  
Showing the things of Christ to me.

3 More about Jesus; in his word,  
Holding communion with my Lord;  
Hearing his voice in every line,  
Making each faithful saying mine.

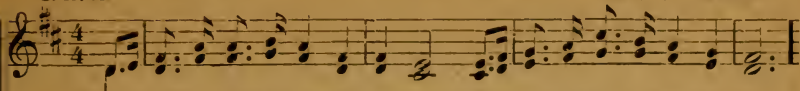
4 More about Jesus; on his throne,  
Riches in glory all his own;  
More of his kingdom’s sure increase;  
More of his coming, Prince of Peace.

—E. E. Hewitt.

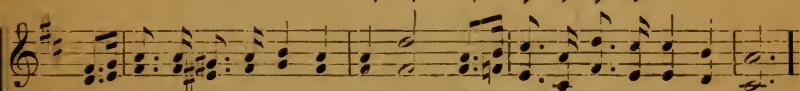
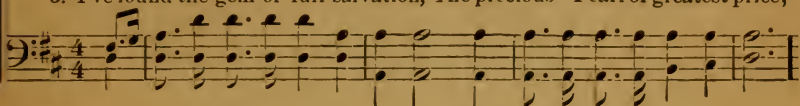
# I've Found the Canaan Land. 101

C. H. M.

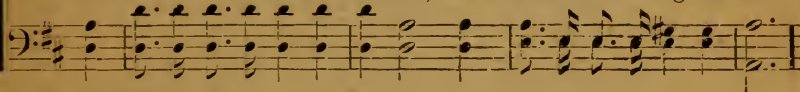
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



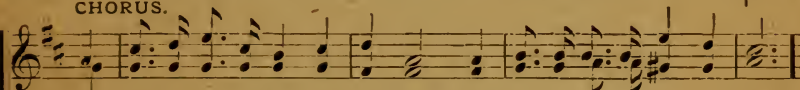
1. I've found the "Canaan land" of promise, With joys akin to those above;
2. I've found the blessed "Rock of Ages," And 'neath its shadow stretching wide,
3. I've found the gem of full salvation, The precious "Pearl of greatest price;"



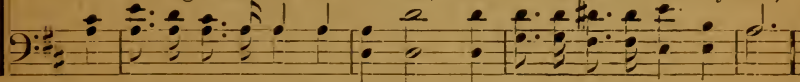
At God's command I've cross'd "clean over" In- to the land of "perfect love,"  
Although the tempest 'round me rages, In peace and safety I a-bide.  
I'm sav'd from sin and condemnation, Thro' Christ the bleeding sacrifice.



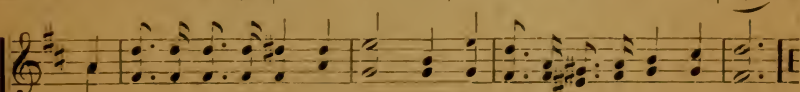
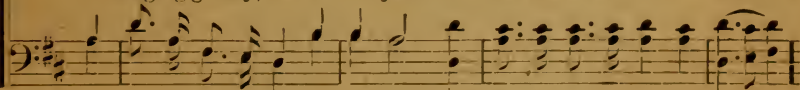
## CHORUS.



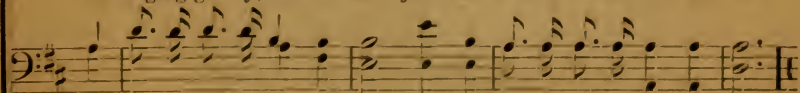
I'm dwelling in the land of Beu-lah, I'm o-ver on the vic-t'ry side;



I'm singing glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Ho-san-na to the Cru-ci-fied.



I'm singing glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Ho-sanna to the Cru-ci-fied.



Copyright, 1899, by John J. Hood.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>4 I've found the "well of living water,"<br/>The balm for sin and earthly strife;<br/>Within my heart 'tis ever springing<br/>Up into everlasting life.</p> | <p>5 I've found a feast of "hidden manna,"<br/>And strength for every time and place;<br/>There's in my heart a glad hosanna<br/>To him who saves me by his grace.</p> |
|--|--|

# Life's Railway to Heaven.

M. E. ABBEV.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en - gineer that's brave;  
 2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;  
 3. You will oft - en find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;  
 4. As you roll across the tres - tle, Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,

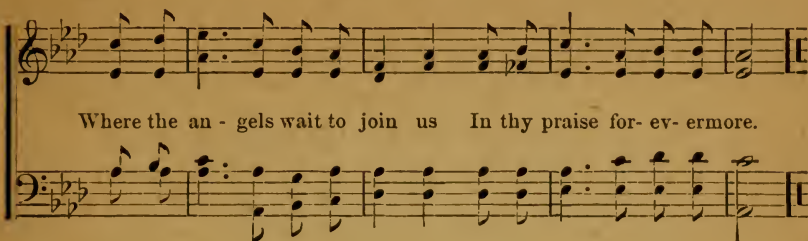
We must make the run success - ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;  
 See that Christ is your conduc - tor, On this lightning train of life;  
 On a fill, or curve, or tres - tle, They will al - most ditch your train;  
 You be - hold the U - nion De - pot, In - to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;  
 Always mind - ful of obstruction, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;  
 Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;  
 There you'll meet the Superintendent, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,

*rit.*  
 Keep your hand up - on the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.  
 Keep your hand up - on the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.  
 Keep your hand up - on the throttle, And your eye up - on the rail.  
 With the heart - y, joyous plaudit, "Wea - ry pilgrim, welcome home."

CHORUS.

Blessed Saviour, thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that blissful shore;

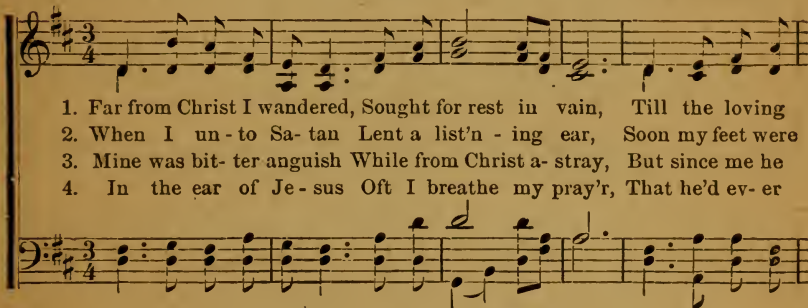


Where the an - gels wait to join us In thy praise for- ev- ermore.

## Jesus Brought me Back.

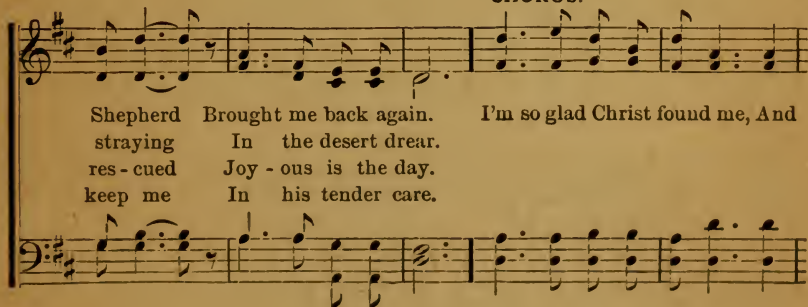
C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

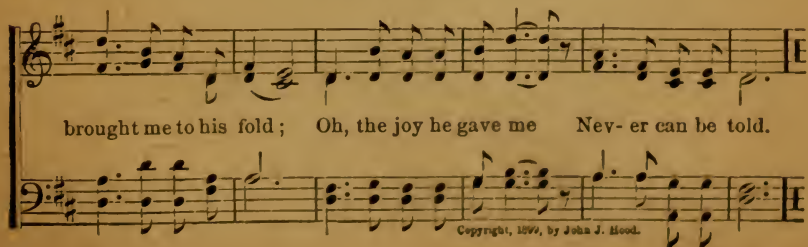


1. Far from Christ I wandered, Sought for rest in vain, Till the loving
2. When I un - to Sa - tan Lent a list'n - ing ear, Soon my feet were
3. Mine was bit - ter anguish While from Christ a - stray, But since me he
4. In the ear of Je - sus Oft I breathe my pray'r, That he'd ev - er

### CHORUS.



Shepherd Brought me back again. I'm so glad Christ found me, And  
 straying In the desert drear.  
 res - cued Joy - ous is the day.  
 keep me In his tender care.

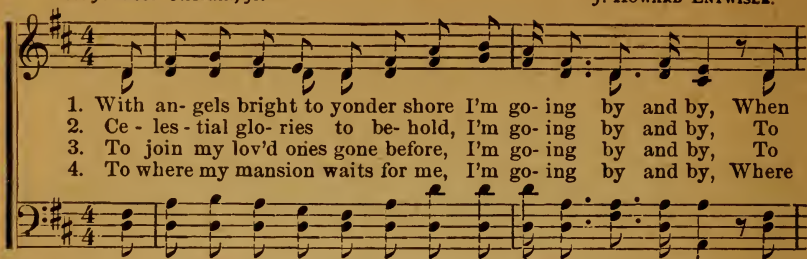


brought me to his fold; Oh, the joy he gave me Nev - er can be told.

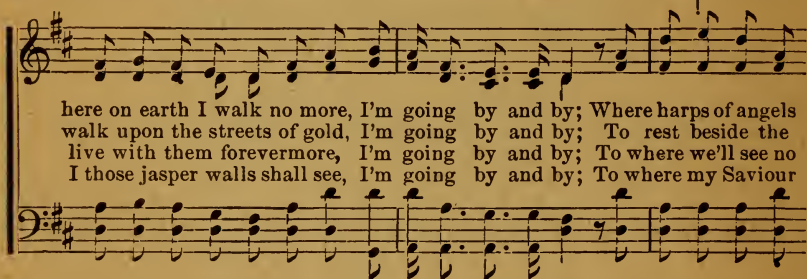
# I'm Going with the Angels.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

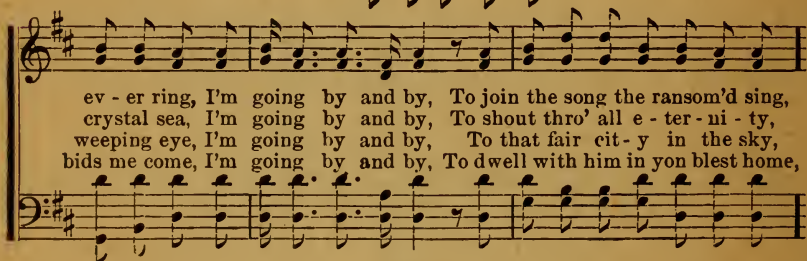
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. With an- gels bright to yonder shore I'm go- ing by and by, When  
 2. Ce - les - tial glo - ries to be- hold, I'm go- ing by and by, To  
 3. To join my lov'd ones gone before, I'm go- ing by and by, To  
 4. To where my mansion waits for me, I'm go- ing by and by, Where

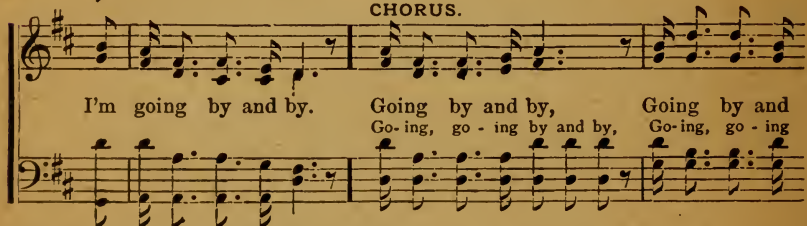


here on earth I walk no more, I'm going by and by; Where harps of angels  
 walk upon the streets of gold, I'm going by and by; To rest beside the  
 live with them forevermore, I'm going by and by; To where we'll see no  
 I those jasper walls shall see, I'm going by and by; To where my Saviour

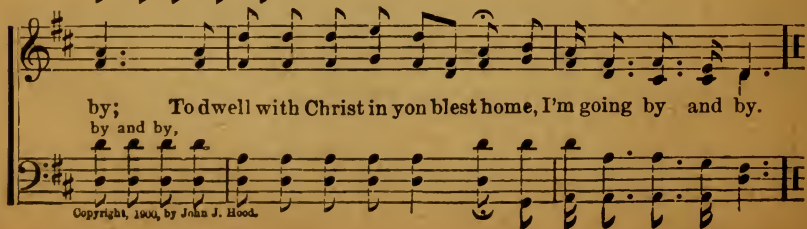


ev - er ring, I'm going by and by, To join the song the ransom'd sing,  
 crystal sea, I'm going by and by, To shout thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,  
 weeping eye, I'm going by and by, To that fair cit - y in the sky,  
 bids me come, I'm going by and by, To dwell with him in yon blest home,

## CHORUS.



I'm going by and by.      Going by and by,      Going by and  
 Go-ing, go - ing by and by,      Go-ing, go - ing

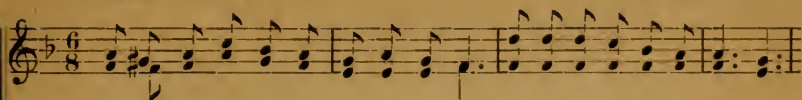


by;      To dwell with Christ in yon blest home, I'm going by and by.  
 by and by,

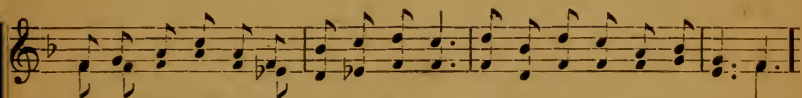
# What would I Do Without Jesus? 105

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

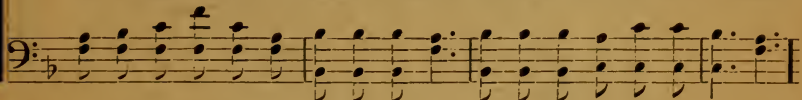
B. FRANK BUTTS.



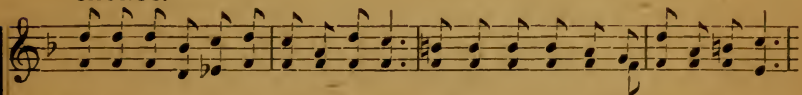
1. When by the tempter my soul is oppressed, What would I do without Jesus?
2. Whether in prof- it, or whether in loss, What would I do without Jesus?
3. Oft, when I think of the future, I cry, "What would I do without Jesus?"
4. Liv- ing or dy- ing, to him I'll be true, What would I do without Jesus?



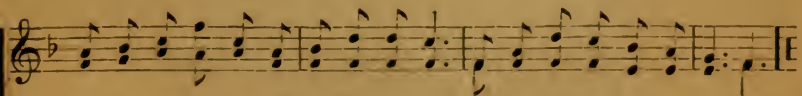
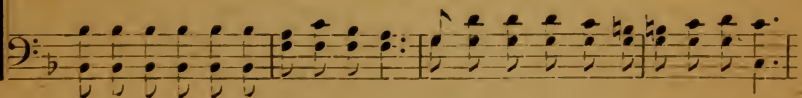
When with life's burdens my heart is distressed, What would I do without Jesus?  
 Whether I'm resting or bearing the cross, What would I do without Jesus?  
 Should the death angel now call me to die, What would I do without Jesus?  
 Till I reach heaven his track I'll pursue, What would I do without Jesus?



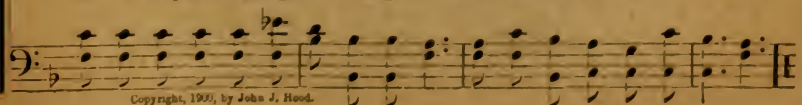
## CHORUS.



Wonderful help from this friend I obtain, When I'm in trouble or sorrow or pain;



So I keep asking again and again, "What would I do without Jesus?"



## Harvest Time.

1. { The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with  
An-oth - er may shout when the harvesters reaping Shall gath - er my

tears and with dew's from on high; || grain in the "sweet by and by."

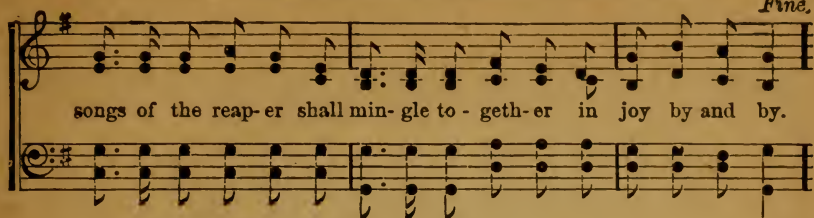
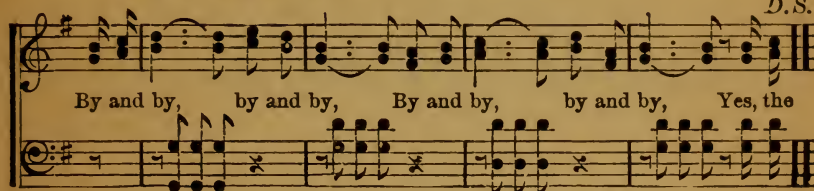
**CHORUS.**

O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep - er My heart is pierced  
D.S.— tears of the sow - er and songs of the reap - er Shall min - gle to -

through with life's sorrow - ing cry, But the || gether in joy by and by.

By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, Yes, the

- 2 Another may reap what in spring-time I've planted,  
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,—  
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted  
While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.
- 3 The thorns have been choked, and the summer sun blasted  
The most of the seed which in spring-time I've sown;  
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted  
Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

*Fine,*

*D.S.*


## I LOVE HIM BEST OF ALL.

MANY a friend I've known,  
 Hearts that are brave and true,  
 Sharing each grief and sorrow,  
 As earthly friends can do;  
 Smiling when all seems bright,  
 Weeping when clouds hang low,  
 True friends in time of affliction,  
 True in the hour of woe;  
 But I have a friend  
 Who tasted death for all,  
 He loved me when a stranger,  
 I love him best of all.

CHO.—I love him best of all,  
 He is my dearest friend,  
 With his own blood he saved me,  
 He'll keep me to the end;  
 With his own hand to guide me,  
 I care not what befall,  
 He will not leave nor forsake me,  
 I love him best of all.

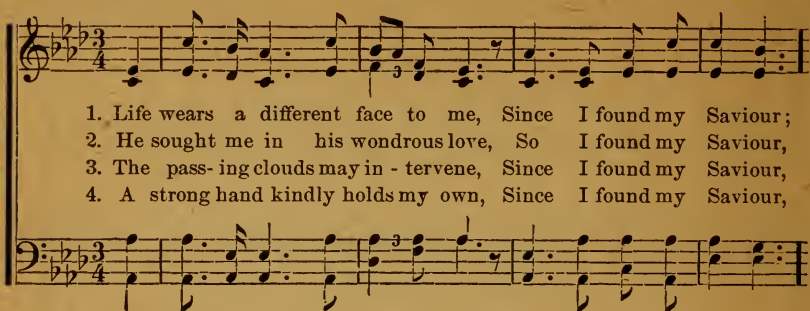
2 Moments of joy I've known,  
 When all this world seemed bright,  
 All nature smiled with gladness,  
 Teeming with pure delight;  
 Song birds were on the wing,  
 Chanting their merry lay,  
 And earth like Eden was blooming,  
 Like the sweet flowers of May,  
 But all earthly charms  
 As leaves in autumn fall,  
 And I behold his beauty,  
 I love him best of all.

3 Soon I shall say farewell,  
 Bid you a long good-night,  
 Finish my earthly warfare,  
 Pass to the plains of light;  
 There I shall see the throne,  
 Oh, what a sight it will be,  
 Hear them shouting hosanna  
 Through all eternity;  
 There I shall see Jesus,  
 Down before him fall,  
 And sing with heavenly rapture,  
 I love him best of all.

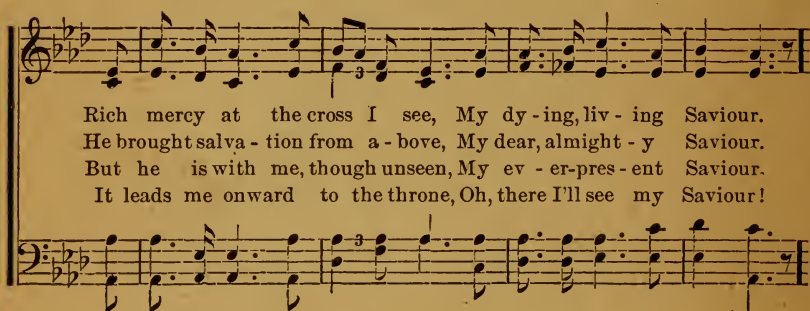
# Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

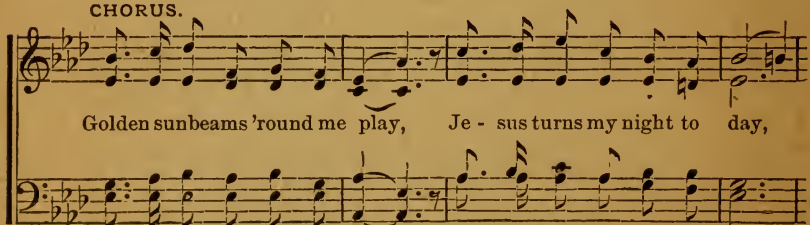


1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Saviour;  
 2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Saviour,  
 3. The pass-ing clouds may in - tervene, Since I found my Saviour,  
 4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour,

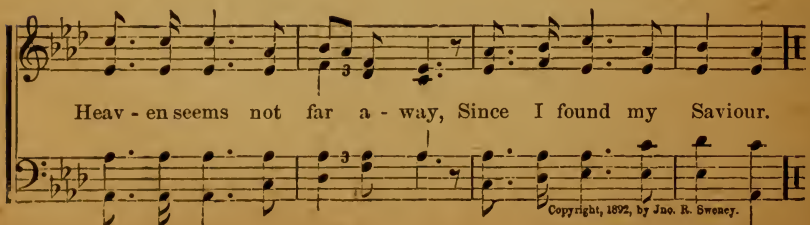


Rich mercy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Saviour.  
 He brought salva-tion from a-bove, My dear, almighty-y Saviour.  
 But he is with me, though unseen, My ev-er-pres-ent Saviour.  
 It leads me onward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Saviour!

## CHORUS.



Golden sunbeams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day,



Heav-en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Saviour.

# A Good Resting Place.

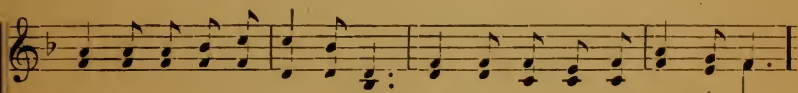
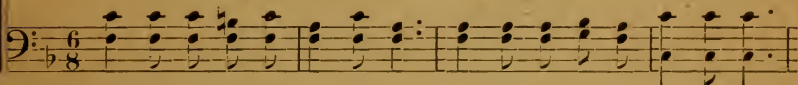
109

E. E. HEWITT.

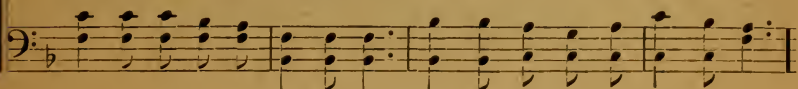
B. FRANK BUTTS.



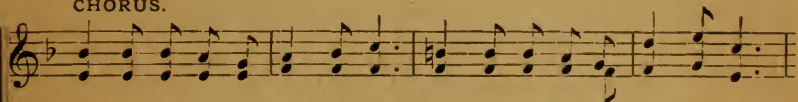
1. Come to Je-sus, O wea-ry soul, At the cross all thy burdens roll;
2. There thy numberless sins confess, He the pen - itent child will bless;
3. Cast on him ev-'ry pressing care, He will answer be - lieving pray'r;
4. Rest in Jesus, oh, wondrous grace! Here we find the best resting place;



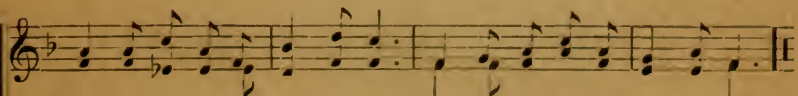
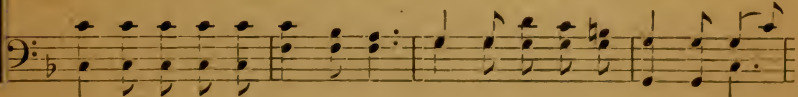
He will give thee the sweetest rest; Lean by faith on his gen-tle breast.  
Taste his pardon so full and free, Take the mer-cy he of-fers thee.  
"Strength to-day" is the promise sweet, Precious rest at the Master's feet.  
Till we pass o-ver Jordan's tide, And for-ev-er with him a-bide.



## CHORUS.



Nestling down in his arms of grace, Is not that a good resting place?



Looking up to his lov-ing face, Is not that a good resting place?



## The Penitent's Plea.

H. B.

Com. HERBERT BOOTH.

*Andante con espress.*

1. { Saviour, hear me, while before thy feet I the record of my sins repeat,  
Canst thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spirit free?  
2. { Yet, why should I fear, hast thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?  
By the love and pity thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me atone,  
3. { All the rivers of thy grace I claim, Over ev'ry promise write my name;  
Bid me rise a free and pardon'd slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

1  
Stain'd with guilt, myself abhorring, Fill'd with grief, my soul outpour- ing;  
To that heart its sin confess- ing, Canst thou fail to give a bless - ing?  
As I am I come, believ - ing, As thou art thou dost, receiv - ing,

2  
Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!  
Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore thy throne, A plead - ing soul.  
Charg - ing me to preach thy pow'r to save, To sin - bound souls.

CHORUS. *mp*  
Grace there is my ev'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry  
Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

sin away, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!  
sin a-way, Pow'r to keep me sin - less day by day, For me, for me, for me!

## Wonderful Peace.

L. H. E.

"My peace I give unto you."—John xiv : 27.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

1. Je - sus gives his peace to me, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
2. Surface feel - ings ebb and flow, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
3. Not my charge his gift to hold, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
4. This my part—to trust in him, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
5. Praying, watching, serv - ing still, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;

*Fine.*  
Like his love, a boundless sea, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.  
Sweet, a - bid - ing calm be - low, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.  
Je - sus keeps it—grace untold—Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.  
Whether skies be bright or dim, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.  
Let me learn, and do his will, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.

D. S.—Je - sus gives his peace to me, Won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace.

REFRAIN.


D. S.

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace;

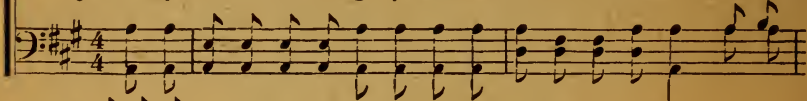
## The Hallelujah Side.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

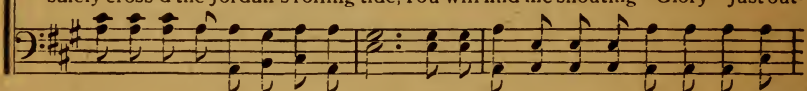
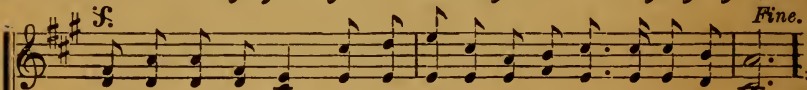
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



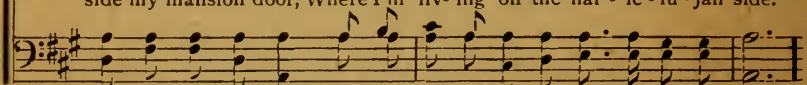
1. Once a sin-ner far from Je-sus, I was perish-ing with cold, But the  
 2. Tho' the world may sweep around me with her dazzle and her dreams, Yet I  
 3. Not for all earth's golden millions would I leave this precious place, Tho' the  
 4. Here the sun is always shining, here the sky is always bright, 'Tis no  
 5. And up-on the streets of glory, when we reach the other shore, And have



blessed Saviour heard me when I cried, Then he threw his robe around me, and he  
 en- vy not her vanities and pride, For my soul looks up to heaven, where the  
 tempter to persuade me oft has tried, For I'm safe in God's pavil- ion, happy  
 place for gloomy Christians to abide, For my soul is fill'd with music and my  
 safely cross'd the Jordan's rolling tide, You will find me shouting "Glory" just out-

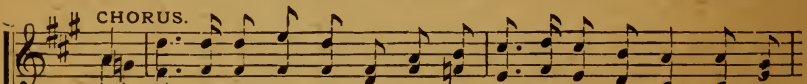



led me to his fold, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.  
 golden sunlight gleams, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.  
 in his love and grace, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.  
 heart with great delight, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.  
 side my mansion door, Where I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.

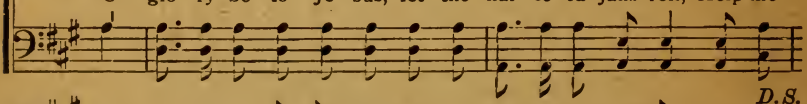
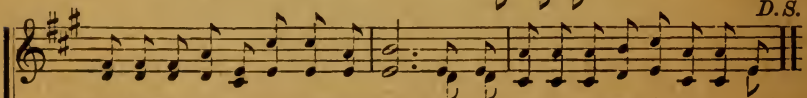


*D.S.*—windows of my soul, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.

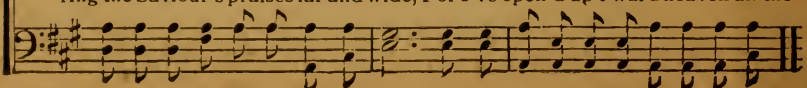
CHORUS.



O glo-ry be to Je-sus, let the hal-le-lu-jahs roll, Help me

ring the Saviour's praises far and wide, For I've open'd up t'ward heaven all the



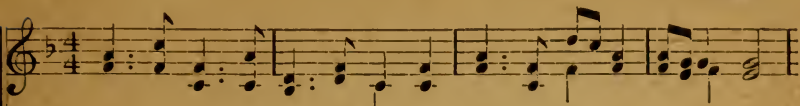
# The Pillar of Cloud.

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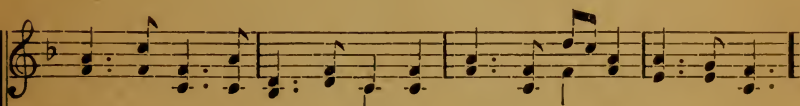
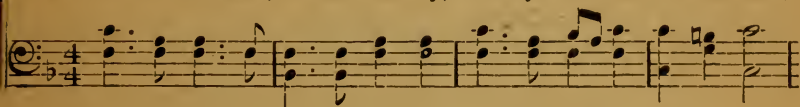
"Yet thou in thy manifold mercies forsookest them not in the wilderness: the pillar of the cloud departed not from them by day, to lead them in the way: neither the pillar of fire by night, to show them light, and the way wherein they should go."—Neh. ix: 19.

F. A. B.

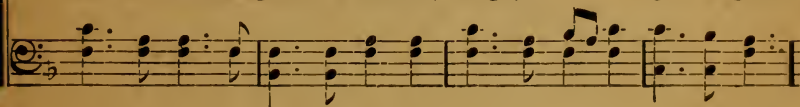
F. A. BLACKMER.



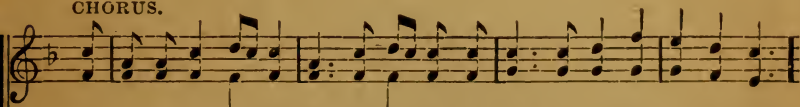
1. On thy journey to the homeland, God is watching o - ver thee;
2. He that watches o - ver Is - rael, Nev - er slumbers, nev - er sleeps;
3. Forward then with courage, Christian, Light shall dawn from heaven's throne;
4. On the mountain, in the val - ley, Ev - 'rywhere shall he sus - tain;



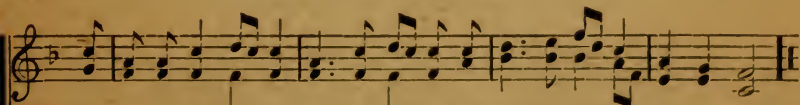
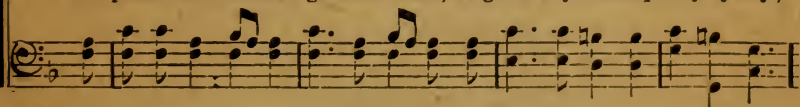
He shall light thy path, O trav'ler, Till thou canst the landmarks see.  
And o'er all his faith - ful children Vig - i - lance e - ter - nal keeps.  
He who set thee on thy journey Will not let thee walk a - lone.  
And when darkness gathers round thee, Bring thee in - to light a - gain.



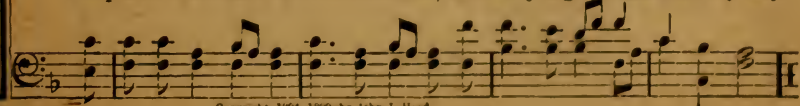
## CHORUS.



The pillar of cloud shall go before thee, To guide thy footsteps day by day;



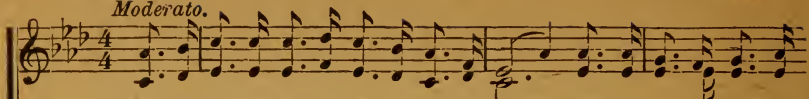
The pillar of fire shall shine before thee, And ev'ry night make clear thy way.



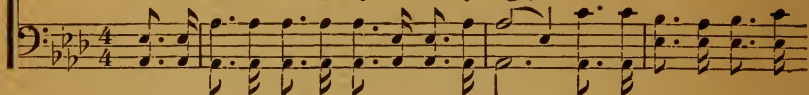
## Sunshine as You Go.

JOHN M. BAKER.

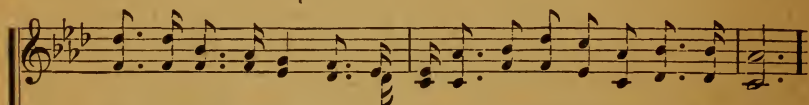
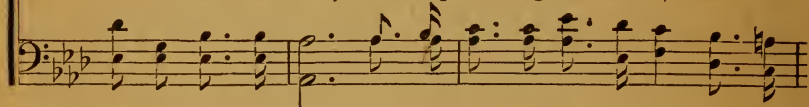
JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

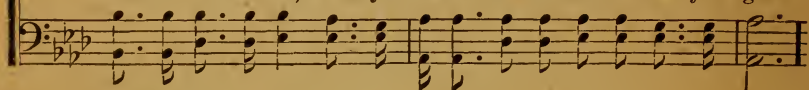
1. Oh, the world has need of sunshine as you go, For we oft-en see the
2. You can la- bor for the Master as you go, Plant the pre-cious seed and
3. You will meet with many trials as you go, There will be some self-de-



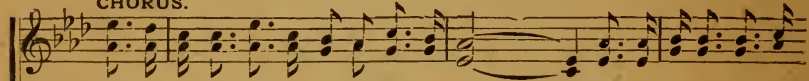
tears of sor - row flow; You can haste that com-ing day, When they'll  
he will bid it grow; Toil - ing on, whate'er betide, With the  
ni - als here be - low; But keep look-ing still above, And re-



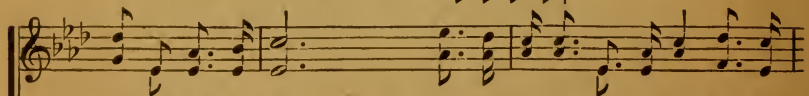
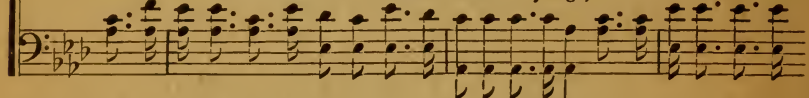
all be wiped away, If you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.  
Saviour by your side, You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go.  
member God is love, While you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.



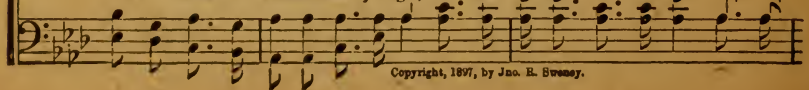
## CHORUS.



You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go, . . . . You can scatter blessed  
blessed sunshine as you go,



sunshine as you go; Oh, so many hearts are sad, You can  
bless - ed sunshine as you go;



help to make them glad, If you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

## Jesus has Forgiven Me.

W. E. M.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. I can sing, rejoice with a cheerful voice, And be glad exceed- ing - ly;
2. Tho' a- far I stray'd, sinful record made, Wander'd mid iniq - ui - ty;
3. Far away are cast my transgressions past, They shall ne'er remember'd be;

Pardon I've obtained, freedom I have gained, Jesus has forgiv - en me.  
Yet, he heard me call and forgave me all, Glo - ry to him ev - er be.  
He'll recall no more what was done before, For he has forgiv - en me.

CHORUS.

I must tell it out with a joyful shout, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am free;

I will ev - er sing praises to my King, For he has forgiv - en me.

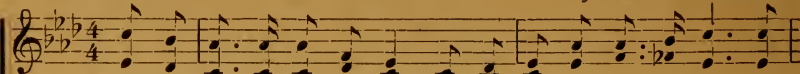
## Tarry For the Power.

"But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high."

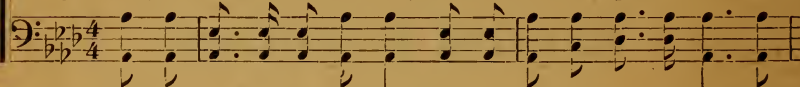
Rev. A. C. BANE.

Luke xxiv: 49.

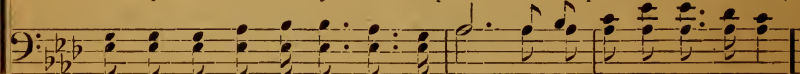
JOSEPHINE H. SWENEY.



1. There's a bless-ed promise giv'n By the Fa-ther up in heav'n, Oh,
2. This great blessing is for you If to Christ you will be true, But
3. He will cleanse your heart from sin, Make you pure like him with- in, So
4. He will comfort, teach and fill, If to him you give your will, Yes,
5. Our great Comfort-er has come, And the church must give him room, Now



tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r! 'Twas the promis'd Holy Ghost  
tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r! Let us hear his great command,  
tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r! He will ho-li-ness implant,  
tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r! He'll anoint you from above,  
tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r! He'll baptize with sacred fire,

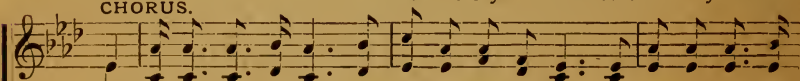


Which he gave at Pen-te-cost, Oh, tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r!  
Go, dis-ci-ple all the land, But tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r!  
And all grace to you will grant, So tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r!  
Fill your heart with perfect love, Yes, tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r!  
Keep you till you're call'd up high'r, Now tar-ry in the cit-y for the pow'r!

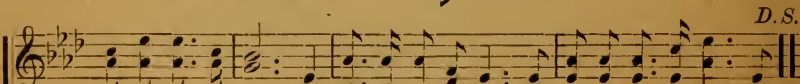


CHORUS.

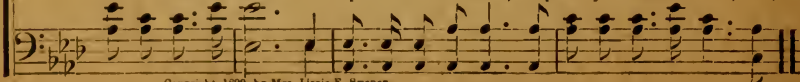
*D.S.*—tarry for the blessed Ho-ly Ghost!



Oh, tar-ry for the pow'r, The old, anointing pow'r, Oh, tar-ry for an-



oth-er Pen-te-cost! The Spirit then will fall, Baptize you one and all, Oh,

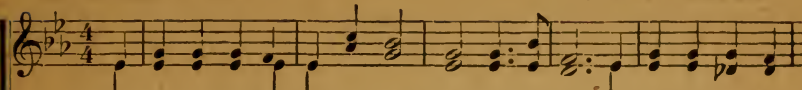


# The Fills it All.

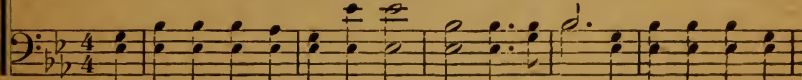
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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

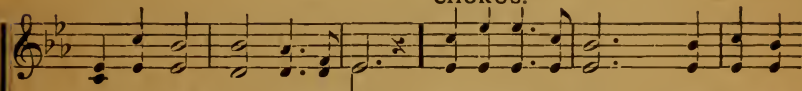
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



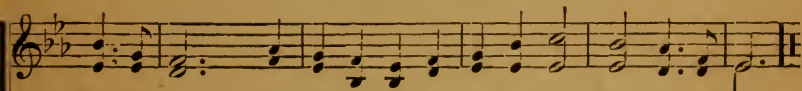
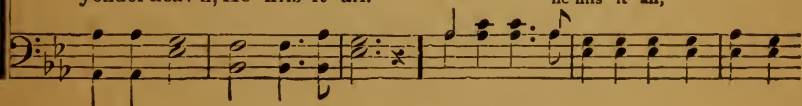
1. The Saviour lives within my heart, He fills it all; No room for self in
2. My soul with love is now aflame, He fills it all; Her sweetest music
3. Each day I in his service spend, He fills it all; My time is his un-
4. I'll live for him while time is giv'n, He fills it all; And when I think of



## CHORUS.



an - y part, He fills it all. Jesus fills it all, Yes, Je - sus  
is his name, He fills it all.  
til the end, He fills it all.  
yonder heav'n, He fills it all. he fills it all,



fills it all; My life is swallow'd up in him,—He fills it all.  
he fills it all;



Copyright, 1896, by John J. Hood.

## HALLELUJAH.

SOME people object to this word that we  
use, Hallelujah!  
If there's any of those here to-night please  
excuse; Hallelujah!  
Salvation brings joy to the heart from the  
first,  
Freeing men from the bondage by which  
they were cursed,  
If I couldn't shout out why my poor heart  
would burst, Hallelujah!

CHO.—Hallelujah, hallelujah!

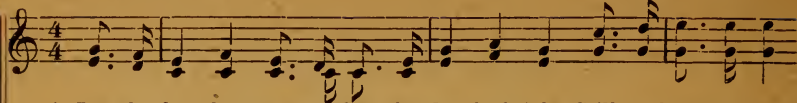
I am glad to tell,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah!  
With my soul 'tis well.

- 2 If the carpenter misses the nail when  
he strikes, Hallelujah!  
And bruises his finger, a thing no one  
likes, Hallelujah!  
Instead of him cursing with might and  
with main, [pain,  
The innocent object, the cause of such  
He smiles, while his heart says again and  
again, Hallelujah!
- 3 And now let me tell you what meaneth  
this word, Hallelujah!  
By those who live nearest to God it is  
heard; Hallelujah!  
'Tis Hebrew, and means praise the Lord,  
I am told,  
You cannot enjoy it if spiritually cold,  
So now if you have one just shout it out  
bold, Hallelujah!

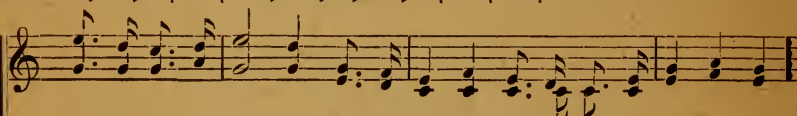
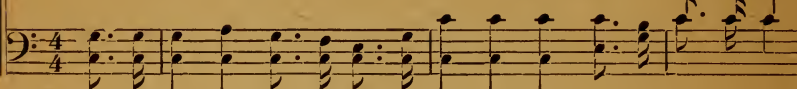
# My Heart will Sing Glory.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

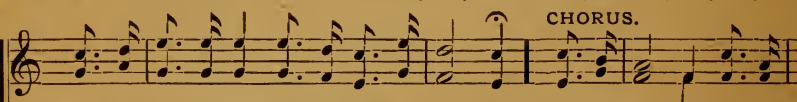
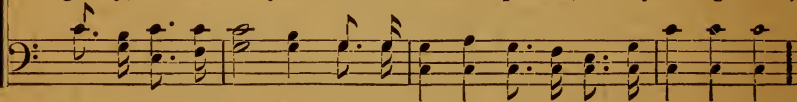
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Let the day be storm - y, let the day be bright, Still my heart will sing
2. Let my friends prove faithful, let them prove untrue, Still my heart will sing
3. Let the world applaud me, let the world condemn, Still my heart will sing
4. When I hear the knocking of the an - gel death, Still my heart will sing

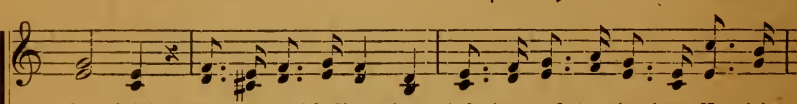
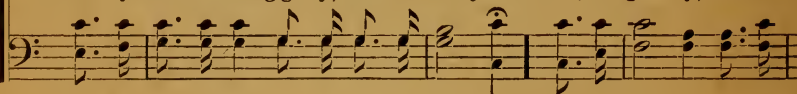


glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Let the way be cheerful, or as dark as night,  
 glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! What tho' deep the waters I am passing through?  
 glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Striving to please Jesus rather than please men,  
 glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! When too weak for praises with my closing breath,

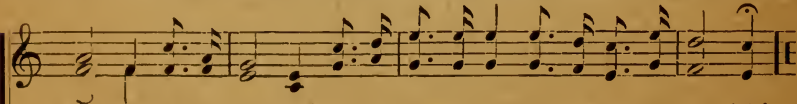
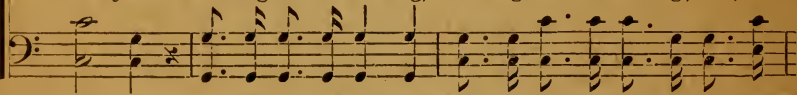


## CHORUS.

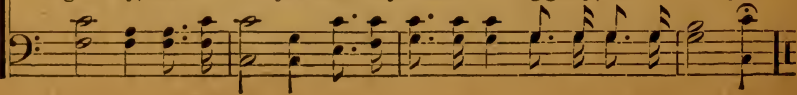
Still my heart will sing glory, hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, it's glo - ry, hal - le -



lu - jah! Trusting and believ - ing, Ask - ing and receiv - ing; Yes, it's

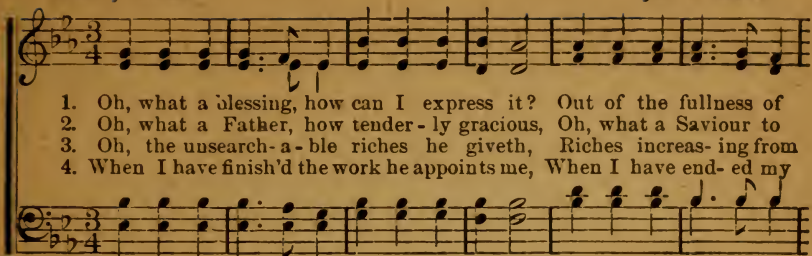


glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Still my heart will sing glory, hal - le - lu - jah!

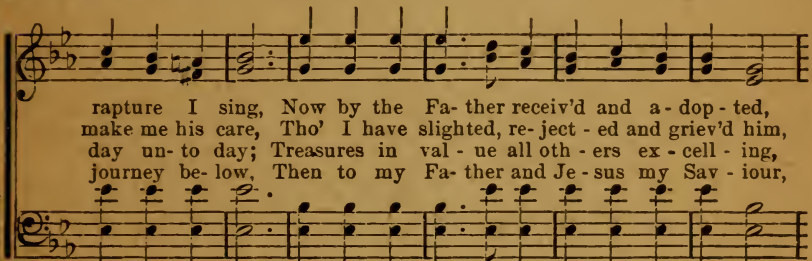


FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

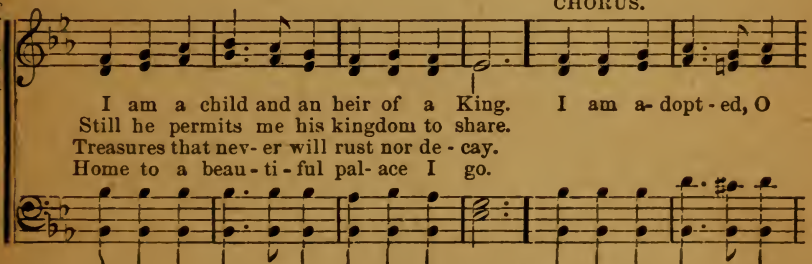


1. Oh, what a blessing, how can I express it? Out of the fullness of  
 2. Oh, what a Father, how tender-ly gracious, Oh, what a Saviour to  
 3. Oh, the unsearch-a-ble riches he giveth, Riches increas-ing from  
 4. When I have finish'd the work he appoints me, When I have end-ed my

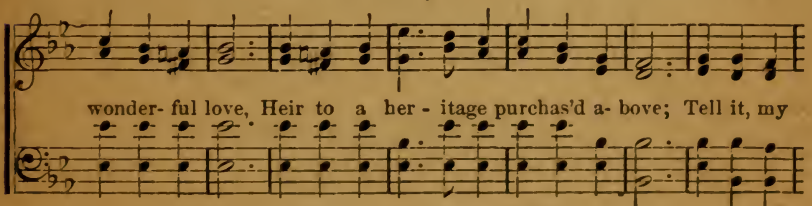


rapture I sing, Now by the Fa-ther receiv'd and a-dop-ted,  
 make me his care, Tho' I have slighted, re-ject-ed and griev'd him,  
 day un-to day; Treasures in val-ue all oth-ers ex-cell-ing,  
 journey be-low, Then to my Fa-ther and Je-sus my Sav-iour,

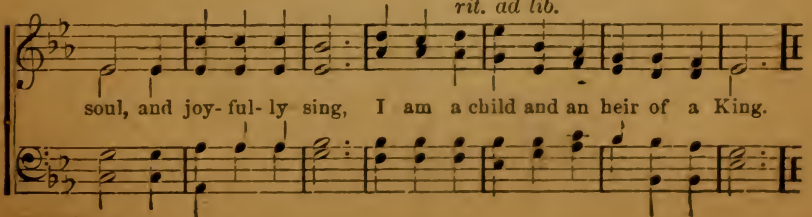
## CHORUS.



I am a child and an heir of a King. I am a-dopt-ed, O  
 Still he permits me his kingdom to share.  
 Treasures that nev-er will rust nor de-cay.  
 Home to a beau-ti-ful pal-ace I go.



wonder-ful love, Heir to a her-itage purchas'd a-bove; Tell it, my

*rit. ad lib.*


soul, and joy-ful-ly sing, I am a child and an heir of a King.

# Good Morning in Glory.

E. B.

MRS. ESTELLE BRYANT.

1. We'll say "good morning" in glory, When work of this life is done; We'll  
 2. We'll say "good morning" in glory, To ransomed from ev'ry land; We'll  
 3. We'll say "good morning" in glory, To those who have conquer'd pain; We'll

say "good morning" in glory, When victory's crown has been won; Af-ter the  
 say "good morning" in glory, U-nited at God's right hand; Af-ter the  
 say "good morning" in glory, To lowly ones cleansed from stain; Coming—the

night and sorrow, After the cross and care, All shall be peace to-morrow,  
 dai-ly dying, Burdens we sought to share, "There shall be no more crying,"  
 end of sadness, Coming—the end of care, Coming—e-ternal gladness,

CHORUS.

We'll say "good morning" there. Good morning, good morning,  
 Good morning, good morning,

1 When gather'd around the throne; With Jesus is "home, sweet home."  
 good morning; sweet home.

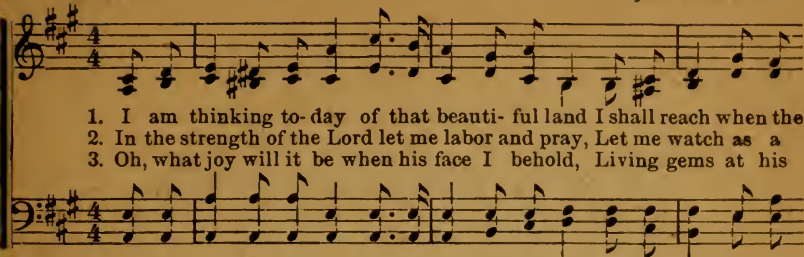
2

# Will there be any Stars?

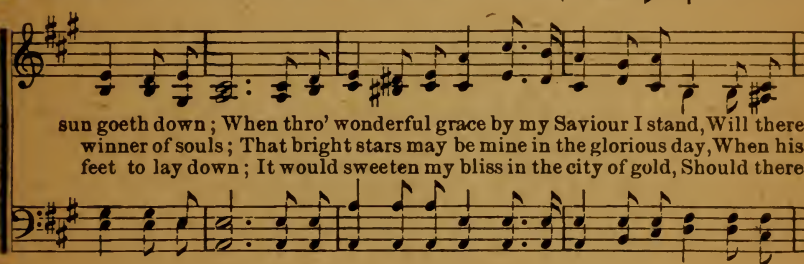
121

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

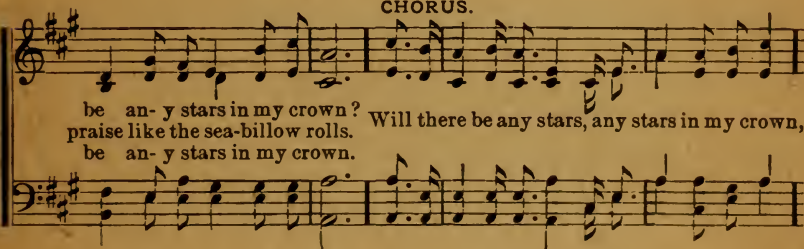


1. I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land I shall reach when the  
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a  
 3. Oh, what joy will it be when his face I behold, Living gems at his

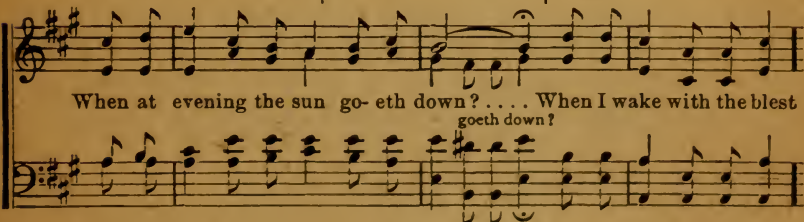


sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there  
 winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his  
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

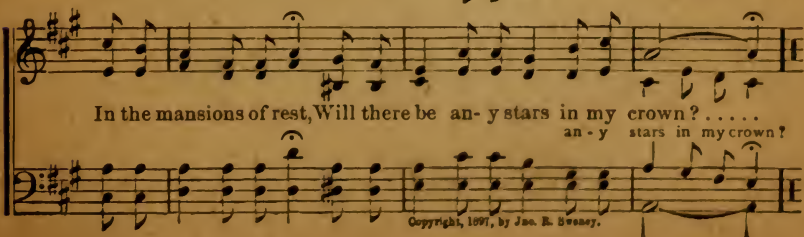
## CHORUS.



be an-y stars in my crown? Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,  
 praise like the sea-billow rolls.  
 be an-y stars in my crown.



When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . . When I wake with the blest  
 goeth down?



In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . . .  
 an-y stars in my crown?

# Jesus Saves Me, this I Know.

W. W. V.

WM. W. VANSANT.

1. I was lost on sin's dark mountain, Far away from home and God,  
 2. Oh, the rapture of that moment I can nev-er, nev-er tell,  
 3. So I'll go on re-joic-ing, As I journey here be-low,

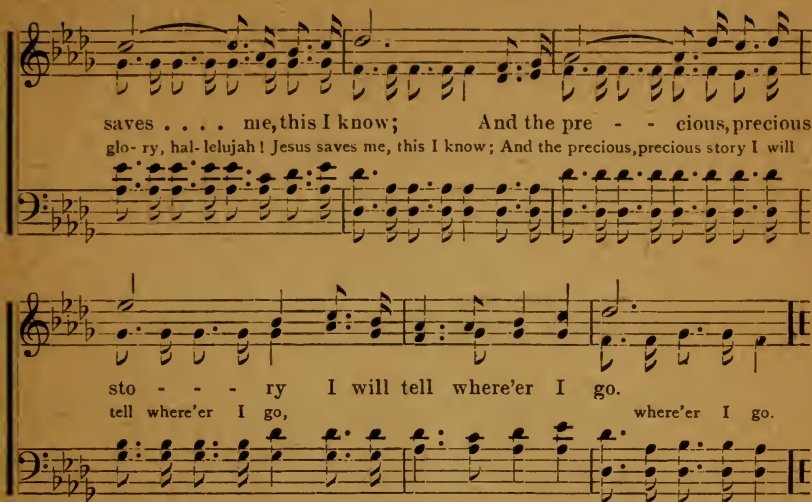
But I saw a cleansing fountain, And I plung'd beneath its flood;  
 When I heard the voice of Je-sus Say, "'tis well with you, 'tis well;  
 I will tell the bless-ed sto-ry Wher-ev-er I may go;

Oh, the glo-ry of that moment, When it touch'd my sin-sick soul,  
 Go on your way re-joic-ing, And tell to those a-round  
 And when I reach that har-bor Where the many mansions be,

I nev-er shall for-get it While e-ter-nal a-ges roll.  
 That you plung'd beneath the fountain, And a pard'ning Saviour found."  
 I think I'll spend for-ev-er One glad song-ju-bi-lee.

## CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus  
 Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus saves me this I know; Glo-ry,

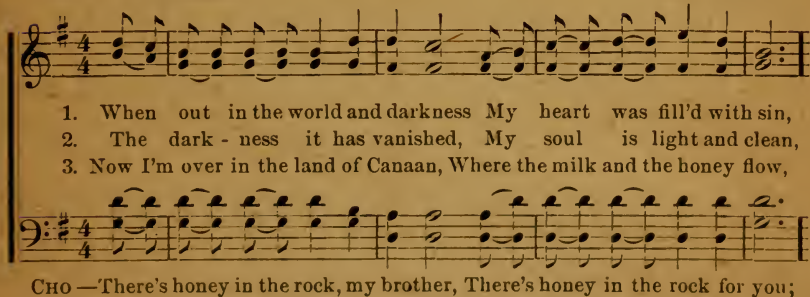


saves . . . . me, this I know;      And the pre - - cious, precious  
glo- ry, hal-lelujah! Jesus saves me, this I know; And the precious, precious story I will  
sto - - - ry      I will tell where'er I go.  
tell where'er I go,      where'er I go.

## Honey In the Rock.

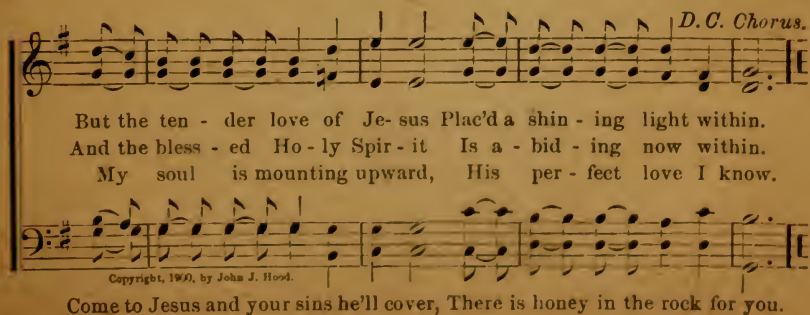
Rev. L. F. BAUSMAN.

J. H. JACKSON.



1. When out in the world and darkness My heart was fill'd with sin,
2. The dark - ness it has vanished, My soul is light and clean,
3. Now I'm over in the land of Canaan, Where the milk and the honey flow,

CHO—There's honey in the rock, my brother, There's honey in the rock for you;

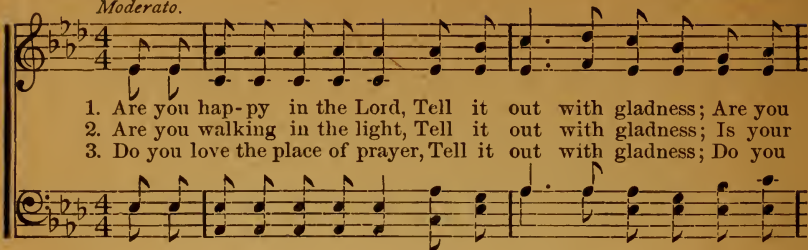


*D. C. Chorus.*  
But the ten - der love of Je - sus Plac'd a shin - ing light within.  
And the bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it Is a - bid - ing now within.  
My soul is mounting upward, His per - fect love I know.  
Come to Jesus and your sins he'll cover, There is honey in the rock for you.

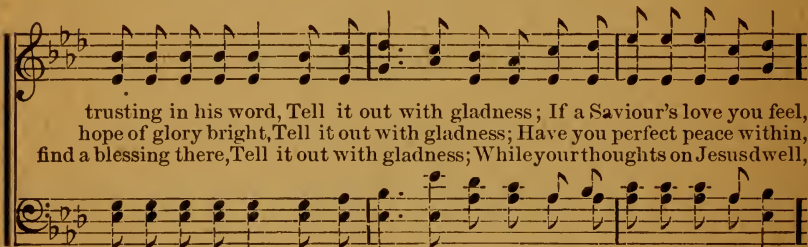
## Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

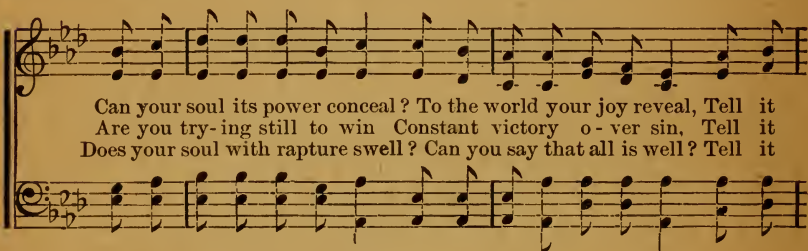
JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*


1. Are you hap- py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you  
2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your  
3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you

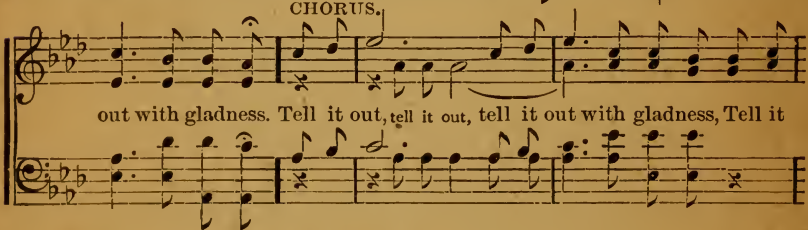


trusting in his word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Saviour's love you feel,  
hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace within,  
find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,

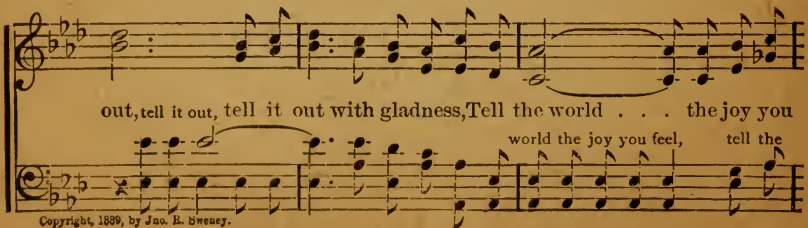


Can your soul its power conceal? To the world your joy reveal, Tell it  
Are you try- ing still to win Constant victory o- ver sin, Tell it  
Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well? Tell it

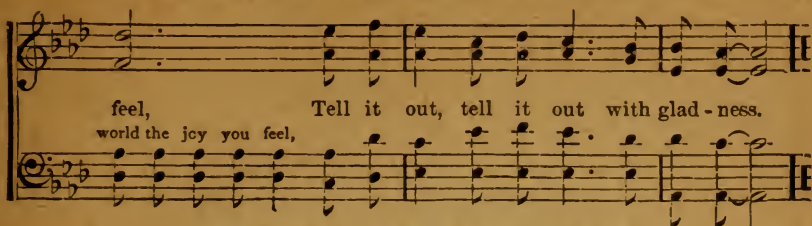
## CHORUS.



out with gladness. Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell it



out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell the world . . . the joy you  
world the joy you feel, tell the

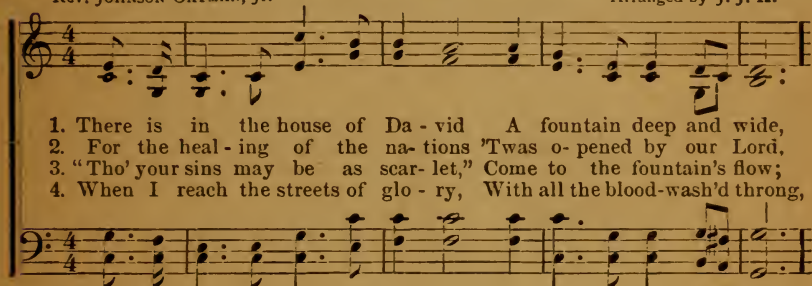


feel, Tell it out, tell it out with glad-ness.  
world the joy you feel,

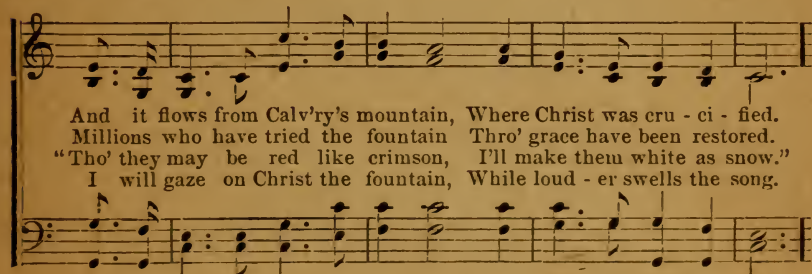
## Beneath the Fountain.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

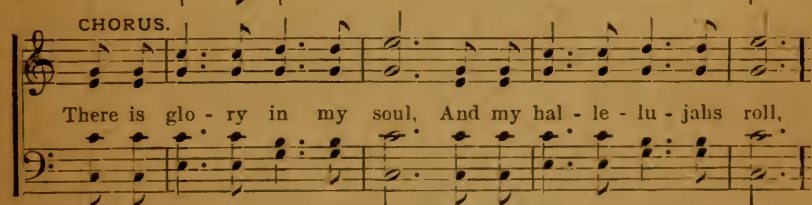
Arranged by J. J. H.



1. There is in the house of Da - vid A fountain deep and wide,
2. For the heal - ing of the na - tions 'Twas o - pened by our Lord,
3. "Tho' your sins may be as scar - let," Come to the fountain's flow;
4. When I reach the streets of glo - ry, With all the blood-wash'd throng,

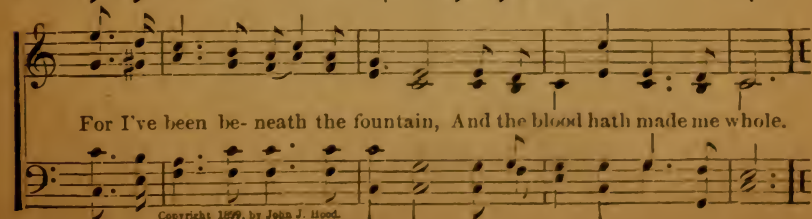


And it flows from Calv'ry's mountain, Where Christ was cru - ci - fied.  
Millions who have tried the fountain Thro' grace have been restored.  
"Tho' they may be red like crimson, I'll make them white as snow."  
I will gaze on Christ the fountain, While loud - er swells the song.



CHORUS.

There is glo - ry in my soul, And my hal - le - lu - jahs roll,

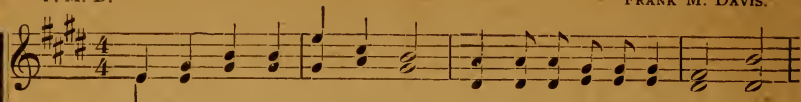


For I've been be - neath the fountain, And the blood hath made me whole.

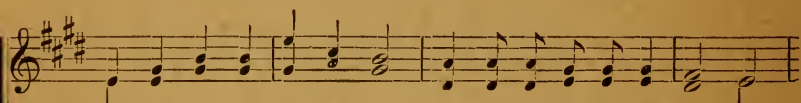
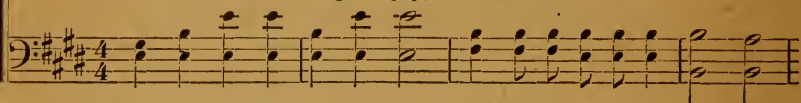
# The Wonderful Saviour.

F. M. D.

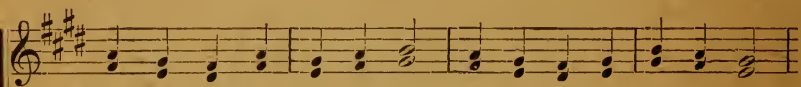
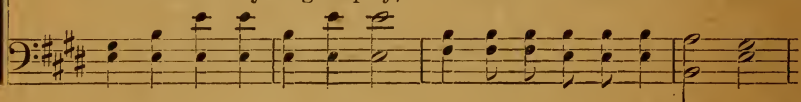
FRANK M. DAVIS.



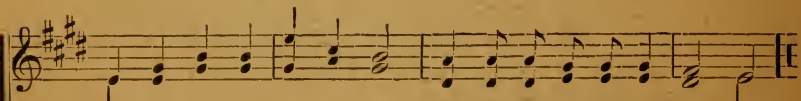
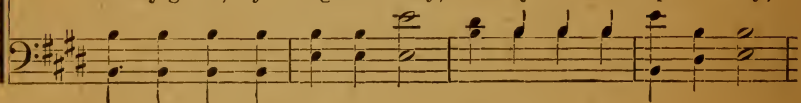
1. Christ has shed his blood for me, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
2. I have lost my load of sin, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
3. Now my heart doth sing for joy, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!



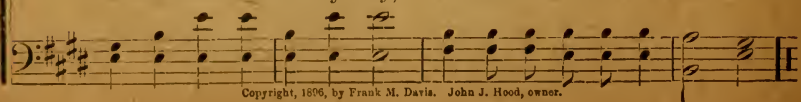
Died my soul from sin to free, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!  
 Now I have sweet peace within, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!  
 Christ shall all my song employ, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!



Greater love was nev - er known, Greater mer - cy nev - er shown;  
 He who calm - ly walk'd the wave Has the mighty pow'r to save,  
 He my guide, my strength and stay, All my tears has wiped a - way;



Free - ly does his blood a - tone, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!  
 Shows a light beyond the grave, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!  
 I will serve him ev - 'ry day, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!



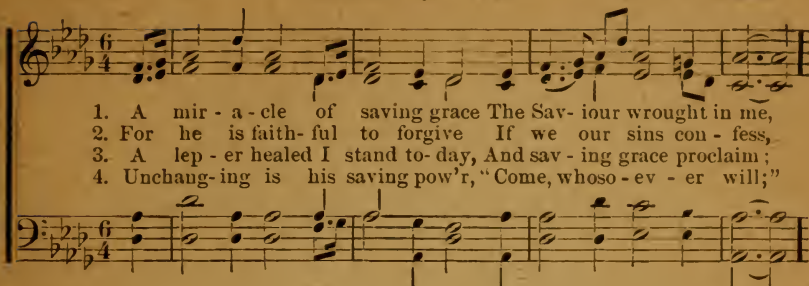
# They're All Blotted Out.

127

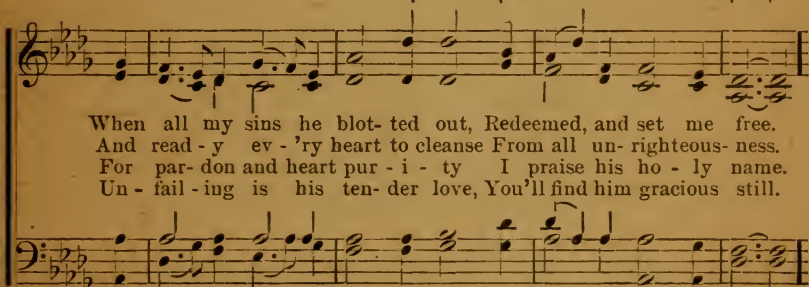
C. H. M.

Isaiah xliii: 25; xliv: 22.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

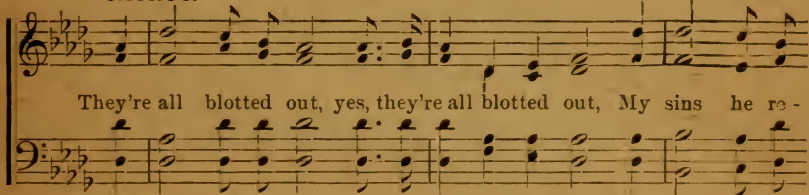


1. A mir - a - cle of saving grace The Sav - iour wrought in me,  
 2. For he is faith - ful to forgive If we our sins con - fess;  
 3. A lep - er healed I stand to - day, And sav - ing grace proclaim;  
 4. Unchang - ing is his saving pow'r, "Come, whoso - ev - er will;"

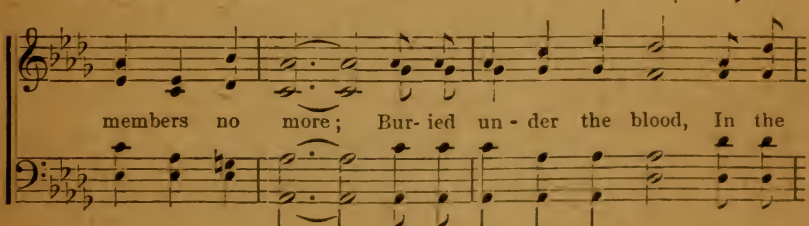


When all my sins he blot - ted out, Redeemed, and set me free.  
 And read - y ev - 'ry heart to cleanse From all un - righteous - ness.  
 For par - don and heart pur - i - ty I praise his ho - ly name.  
 Un - fail - ing is his ten - der love, You'll find him gracious still.

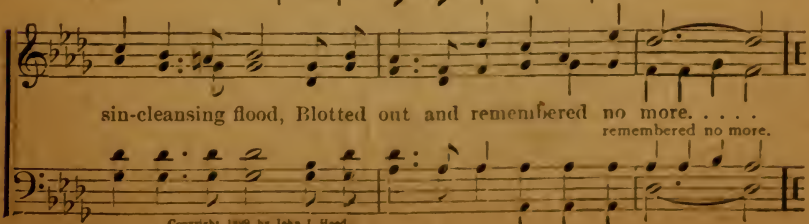
## CHORUS.



They're all blotted out, yes, they're all blotted out, My sins he re -



members no more; Bur - ied un - der the blood, In the

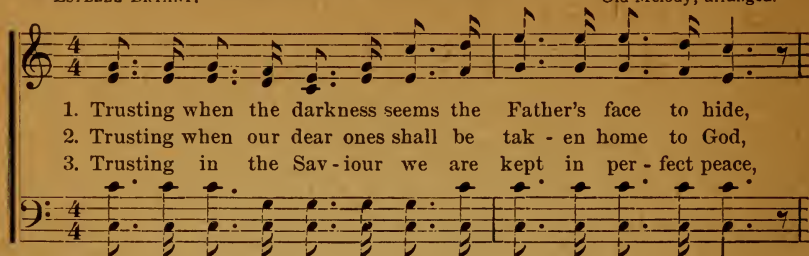


sin-cleansing flood, Blotted out and remembered no more. . . .  
 remembered no more.

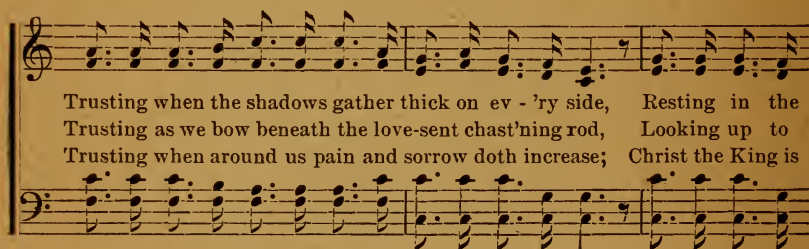
# 128 Shout! He Giveth Us the Victory.

ESTELLE BRYANT.

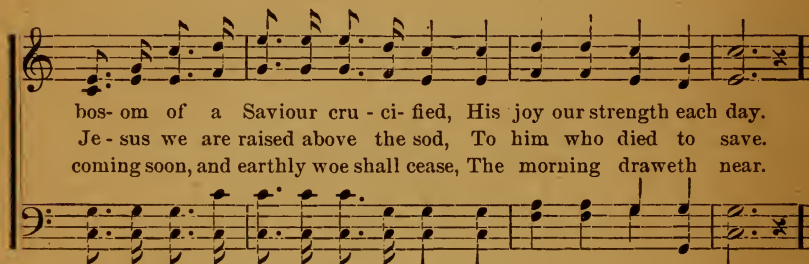
Old Melody, arranged.



1. Trusting when the darkness seems the Father's face to hide,  
 2. Trusting when our dear ones shall be tak - en home to God,  
 3. Trusting in the Sav - iour we are kept in per - fect peace,

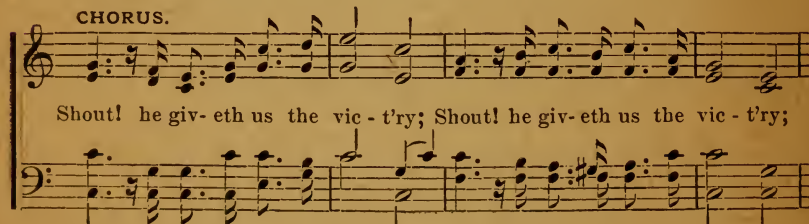


Trusting when the shadows gather thick on ev - 'ry side, Resting in the  
 Trusting as we bow beneath the love-sent chast'ning rod, Looking up to  
 Trusting when around us pain and sorrow doth increase; Christ the King is

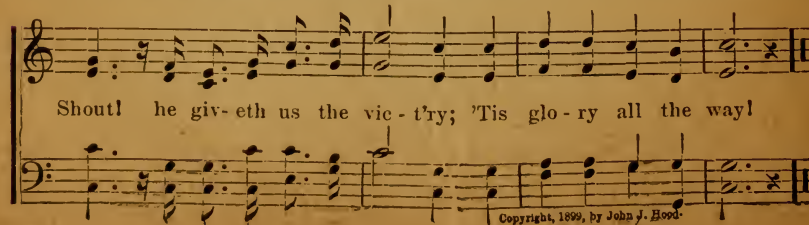


bos - om of a Saviour cru - ci - fied, His joy our strength each day.  
 Je - sus we are raised above the sod, To him who died to save.  
 coming soon, and earthly woe shall cease, The morning draweth near.

## CHORUS.



Shout! he giv - eth us the vic - t'ry; Shout! he giv - eth us the vic - t'ry;



Shout! he giv - eth us the vic - t'ry; 'Tis glo - ry all the way!

# Happy On the Way.

129

W. W. V.

WM. W. VANSANT.

1. I am happy on the way, Since he took my sins a-way, For I've  
 2. I am happy on the way, For I hear my Saviour say, "I've a  
 3. I am happy on the way, For I hear my Saviour say, "I will

Jesus for my Counsellor and Guide; And I'm learning more and more What he  
 mansion, robe and crown prepared for you;" They shall all be yours some day, If you  
 lead you, I will guide you with mine eye; And when life on earth is past I will

CHORUS.

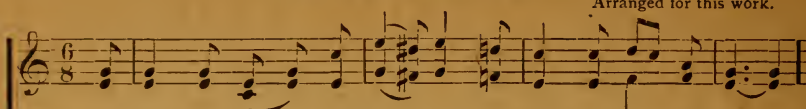
has for me in store, When I reach the oth- er side. I am happy,  
 always watch and pray, To the Master's cause be true.  
 take you home at last, To dwell with me on high."

hap- py on the way, For I've Jesus for my Counsellor and Guide; And I'm

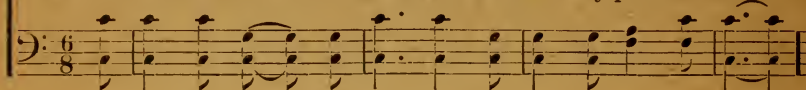
learning more and more What he has for me in store, When I reach the other side.

## Never Alone.

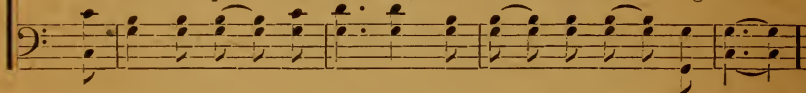
Arranged for this work.



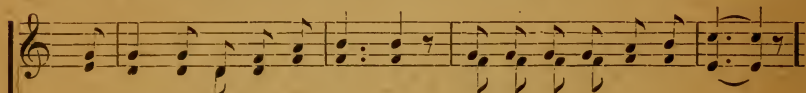
1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll—
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing Tempta - tions sharp and keen—
3. He died for me on the mountain— For me they pierced his side—



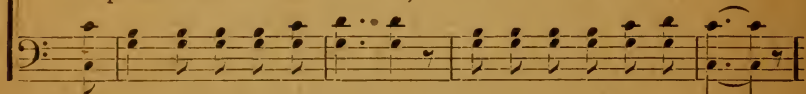
I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing— Trying to conquer my soul—  
 I feel a peace in knowing My Sav - iour stands be - tween.  
 For me he opened that fountain, The crim - son cleans - ing tide.



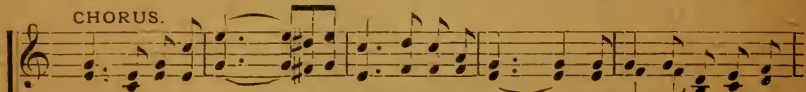
I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Telling me still to fight on,  
 He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone,  
 For me he's waiting in glo - ry, Seated up - on his throne,



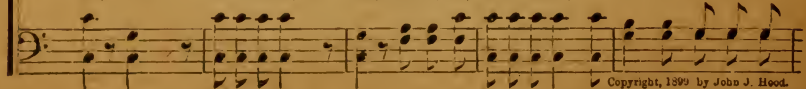
He promised nev - er to leave me,— Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

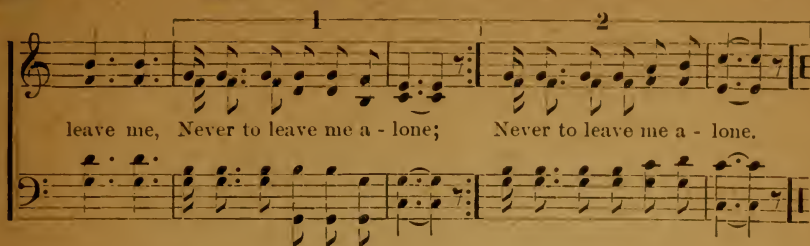


## CHORUS.



No, never a - lone . . . . No, never a - lone; He promised never to  
 No, no, never alone, No, never, no, never alone;





# 131 I DO BELIEVE.

- FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;  
No other help I know:  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah! whither shall I go?
- CHO.—I do believe, I now believe  
That Jesus died for me,  
That on the cross he shed his blood  
From sin to set me free.
- 2 What did thine only son endure,  
Before I drew my breath?  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
I now should feel thy power;  
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve  
In this accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith! to thee I lift  
My weary, longing eyes:  
O let me now receive that gift;  
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die,  
O speak, and I shall live;  
And here I will unwearied lie,  
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice  
Could I but see thy face!  
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,  
And taste thy pardoning grace.

# 132 ALWAYS THE SAME IS JESUS.

- ALWAYS the same is Jesus,  
In him no change I find,  
He to my soul is precious.  
True, loving, good and kind;  
Though sorrows may o'ertake me,  
And friends to help be few,  
Though all the world forsake me,  
Jesus will always be true.
- CHO.—I have a Friend who is always the same,  
Always the same, bless his dear name:  
I have a Friend who is always the same,  
Never I've known him to change.
- 2 Always the same is Jesus,  
Never his love has failed;  
Always the same—so gracious,  
When by the foe assailed;

- Always the same, no matter  
How dark the valley may seem:  
Always my path seems brighter  
When it is lit up by him.
- 3 Always the same is Jesus;  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
His grace to me is boundless,  
His love my spirit cheers.  
How can I be down-hearted  
While I have such a Friend?  
Knowing for heaven I've started,  
He'll guide me safe to the end.

# 133 THE LOVE THAT SOUGHT ME!

- IN tenderness he sought me,  
Weary and sick with sin,  
And on his shoulders brought me  
Back to his fold again;  
While angels in his presence sang  
Until the courts of heaven rang.
- CHO.—Oh, the love that sought me!  
Oh, the blood that bought me!  
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold!  
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!
- 2 He washed the bleeding sin-wounds,  
And poured in oil and wine;  
He whispered to assure me,  
"I've found thee, thou art mine;"  
I never heard a sweeter voice,  
It made my aching heart rejoice.
- 3 He pointed to the nail-prints;  
For me his blood was shed;  
A mocking crown so thorny  
Was placed upon his head:  
I wondered what he saw in me,  
To suffer such deep agony.
- 4 I'm sitting in his presence,  
The sunshine of his face,  
While with adoring wonder  
His blessings I retrace:  
It seems as if eternal days  
Are far too short to sound his praise.
- 5 So while the hours are passing  
All now is perfect rest;  
I'm waiting for the morning,  
The brightest and the best;  
When he will call us to his side  
To be with him, his spotless bride.

—W. S. Walton.

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